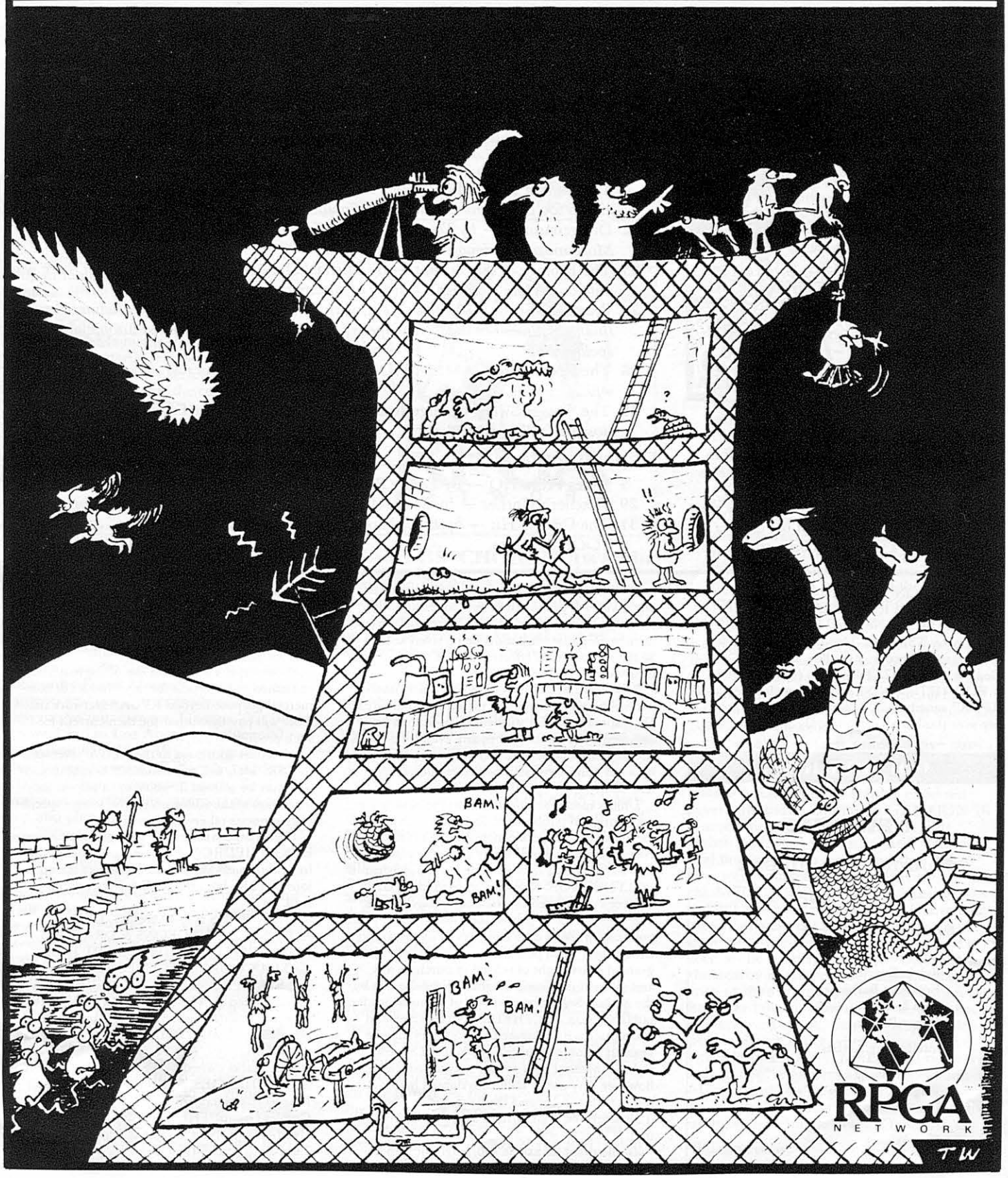
POLYHEDRON™

Newszine Issue 29



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Once again, our April Fool cover is a Tom Wham original. This time, the scene shows the inside of a typical (atypical?) wizard's tower. If you study the picture carefully, you may be able to spot several of the critters from this issue's various foolish articles.

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Notes From HQ

If this is your first issue of POLYHEDRON™ Newszine, I'd like to take this opportunity to welcome you to the RPGA™ Network, and to let you in on the gag. Five out of the six issues you will receive with each year of membership bring you club news, informative articles on your favorite game systems, and a chance to make a serious contribution to the hobby by sharing your ideas with other members. This issue is not one of those five. It's the annual April Fool issue, conceived in madness and dedicated to the proposition that there is room for levity in gaming. (Even though this issue was delayed in production, we decided to keep the april Fool flavor, especially since DRAGON® Magazine decided not to feature foolish material this year.)

The only completely serious items in this issue are the classifieds, the convention list, the winners lists, and "Notes From HQ." You can believe anything you see in those four articles, but take everything else with several grains of salt.

Convention News

Planning to travel this summer? Looking for conventions where you can pick up some RPGA Network experience points to qualify for Masters events? Well, several large conventions are featuring Network tournaments this year. GEN CON® 19 Game Fair (August 14-17 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin) will feature at least 12 sponsored events, including our feature AD&D® Game tournament by Frank Mentzer, a Masters tournament, and our first-ever Oriental Adventures tournament. Origins '86 (July 4th weekend in Los Angeles, California) and Atlanticon (June 19-22 in Trenton, New Jersey) have one RPGA Network AD&D® Game tournament each. So if you're on the road this summer, plan to stop and play.

White Rabbits

The Newszine is still behind schedule, and it still looks as though it will be caught up by August. The membership directory is on its way to the printer. The computer program for processing tournament data is still on hold pending completion of various repairs on the pre-registration system for GEN CON® 19 Game Fair, but it should be done within the next month or two. New cards with updated experience levels will be issued to all members with tournament experience as soon as the new programming is completed. Letters should be going out at the same time to let you know your exact point totals. We still have no news from the legal folks on the city project, but keep an eye on this column for further details.

New Personnel

The combined RPGA Network HQ and GEN CON® Game Fair department would like to welcome 3 new full-time employees: Kerry Krause, Sylvia Deering, and Ernie the Barbarian. With their help, we hope to get everything caught up and shoot that white rabbit within the next few months.

RPGA™
NETWORK

GAMERS' CHOICE™ Awards

This year, the RPGA Network will be presenting the GAMERS' CHOICE awards for the best games and accessories released in the past year. Unlike other gaming industry awards, for which the winners are chosen by manufacturers and special panels, these awards are given to those companies whose new products are judged the best by the most qualified judges of all —the gamers themselves. Ballots can be found in the pre-registration brochures for GEN CON 19 Game Fair, which were mailed to all members. We need a completed ballot from each and every member of the RPGA Network to make the awards meaningful. So if you care about quality in the hobby game products you buy, vote for the items you enjoyed the most and send in your ballot, regardless of whether or not you plan to attend the convention! (If you have already disposed of your pre-registration brochure, another ballot will appear in issue #30 of POLYHEDRON™ Newszine.)

GEN CON 19 Game Fair

Judging slots are still open for the RPGA Network tournaments at GEN CON 19 Game Fair. Call HQ at (414) 248-3625 to volunteer if you'd like to participate. We will also need scorers and office volunteers on site to process the tournament results throughout the convention. You can volunteer in advance by calling HQ once you know your schedule. Or, if you find that you have an hour or two free between games, come down to the RPGA Network Convention HQ and we'll put you to work.

Steps have been taken to remedy most, if not all, of the organizational problems with last year's tournaments, and we expect all the Network events to run smoothly this year. If you are planning to play one or more RPGA Network tournaments this year, please note the following information, which applies to all Network-sponsored events:

1. Each round is scheduled into a standard 4-hour time block.
2. During the first 30 minutes, the players will gather in a large area for team selection while the judges receive their briefing.
3. At the end of the first half hour, each team is assigned a room and a judge and sent off to play. (This year, most room assignments will be immediately adjacent to the team selection area.)
4. Upon reaching the assigned playing area, the judge will hand out character sheets and familiarize the players with the background for the adventure.
5. Once the players are familiar with their characters, all books except players manuals are put away and play begins, continuing for approximately 3 hours.
6. The final 15 minutes of the time block are reserved for character discussion and voting.

Latecomers will be accepted anytime during the team selection process, but try to arrive at the scheduled time for best results. Players arriving after room assignments have been made will only be accepted if there are empty seats on existing teams.

On a lighter note, it's time to give ourselves a collective pat on the back. Last year, the security and administrative officials at MECCA quite frankly expected several thousand animals at GEN CON 18 Game Fair. After all, gamers are nuts, right? Well, they were surprised. The several thousand who did attend the convention were courteous, mature people. In fact, the MECCA staff told our convention coordinator that the GEN CON 18 Game Fair attendees were the most courteous, intelligent, and well-behaved group they had ever seen at the convention center. MECCA and the nearby hotels reported less vandalism with us than with any other convention they had ever hosted. 'Course, we already knew gamers were smart, mature, respectable people. But it's nice when the rest of the world knows it too. Thanks to all those who helped to give gamers a good reputation in Milwaukee. You've given those of us attending the con this year an image to live up to, so let's not be orcish!

'Til next issue,
Penny Petticord

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF ENCOUNTERS II

by Skip Williams

We're all aware that real people just don't do the things we role-players make our characters do. I'm not just talking about those run-of-the-mill dangers to life and limb common to all fantasy games. Sometimes we calmly force our characters into terminal embarassment. For example, real people wouldn't be caught dead doing the things that the following perfectly respectable AD&D® Game characters did during the course of ordinary adventures.

These encounters are based on actual campaign events. Although they may be inflicted upon a party of any size and level, the NPCs involved are of respectable ability, and could easily best a low-level group foolish enough to initiate combat. Use caution in running these encounters; they are meant to be fun, not deadly.

Tailor the material given in each encounter to suit your own campaign. Normal surprise and initiative resolutions apply; adjust the flow of events accordingly.

As Long as As It Takes!

Campaign: Aquaria
DM: Frank Mentzer
Location: Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

Background for the DM

Remember Athelstan, the Ranger Lord who appeared in last year's "The Lighter Side of Encounters" chasing a small bird? This time, Athelstan and his friends have slain a pit fiend[1], but have been unable to keep it dead. Pit fiends regenerate, you see, and, since devils are immune to fire, burning will not stop the regeneration. Athelstan has vowed to remain here and keep the critter down and out until enough holy water[2] can be found to eradicate it permanently, no matter how long it takes.

So a party member has been dispatched to bring back a sizable quantity of holy water. Meanwhile, Athelstan keeps vigil over the body, hitting it occasionally to prevent its return to active life. The rest of Athelstan's party, an elf fighter/magic-user/thief (7/10/11), an 8th-level fighter, an 11th-level magic-user, a 10th-level cleric, a 9th-level ranger, and a 10th-level monk are currently resting inside Athelstan's [tent of luxury][5], which he has pitched nearby.

Notes for the DM

This encounter can take place in any large dungeon room, preferably one with only a single entrance. If additional entrances exist, all but one should be spiked closed.

Start

You have found the remains of the throne room. The charred vestiges of once-rich tapestries hang in tatters along the walls. At the far end of the room, a gaudy throne lies overturned atop a dais, as though the last person to sit in it got up very suddenly. An identical throne has been placed in the room's center. This one is currently occupied by an unkempt, but healthy-looking man, who is casually reading a book. Across his lap rests a glowing sword, and at his feet lies a huge carcass of some vaguely humanoid monster. It seems to be intact, though it looks rather mouldy. The smell of decay, however, is strangely absent from the room. Completing this odd picture is a silk pup tent pitched just behind the seated man.

As you ponder this strange sight, the man looks up from his book and scowes. He knits his greasy brow, rises from the throne, gives the carcass a vicious kick, then swats it with his sword.

Allow the PCs to take any desired actions after Athelstan swats the body. If they attack, Athelstan will fight back, throwing *heat metal*[2] on the strongest-looking armored character, then moving in for melee. The rest of the characters in Athelstan's party rush out of the tent to assist him at the first sign of trouble. (The sight of all those people charging out of a small tent should cause some wonderment!)

If the PCs approach peacefully and initiate conversation, Athelstan sits down on the throne again and takes a swig of ale from his nearby wineskin, then wipes his mouth with his dirty arm.

> The man looks back toward you. "You got any holy water?" he asks.

Examination from afar reveals that the body is about the size of a stone giant[1]. It is very hairy, and has huge wings and small horns. Describe the body in detail when the players ask, but do not volunteer information; let the PCs figure it out for themselves. Athelstan might permit closer examination of the body if requested, but will be highly suspicious of the motives for such, and is likely to react violently to any attempts to touch it or cast spells. The mould on the body is the normal sort one finds on discarded things; it has no special properties.

If the PCs remain friendly, Athelstan and his party will offer to buy holy water from them. The NPCs will pay up to double for the holy water, but they will bargain shrewdly for it. Ten vials of holy water are required to dissolve the pit fiend.

Athelstan

Player: Skip Williams
12th-Level Human Ranger

STR: 18(90)
INT: 16
WIS: 18
DEX: 14
CON: 16
CHA: 7

AC normal: -6
AC rear: -6
Hit Points: 84
Alignment: Lawful Good

Special Abilities: surprised only on a 1 on 1d6[2]; attacks 2/1 with longsword[4]; 10% resistance to *sleep*[2] *and charm*[2]; *infravision*[2] *(60')*; *weapon specialization (longsword)*[4]; *ranger abilities*[4].

Equipment: *bracers of defense*[3] (AC 0); *cloak of protection +2*[3]; *ring of protection +2*[3]; *boots of speed*[3]; *longsword +3*[3] (NSA); *long bow +1*[3]; *6 arrows +1*[3]; *6 arrows +3*[3]; *mace +1*[3]; *ring of fire resistance*[3]; *sweet tooth of stamina*[6]; *ioun stone*[3] (lavender and green ellipsoid, 63 charges); *stone of cold immunity*[6]; *periapt of health*[3]; *canister of condiments*[6]; *tent of luxury*[5].

Spells carried:
Level 1 (druid): *detect magic*[2]; *faerie fire*[2].
Level 2 (druid): *heat metal.*
Level 1 (magic-user): *unseen servant*[2] (x2).

The 810′ Dash

Campaign: Mirfix
DM: Skip Williams
Location: Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

Background for the DM

A party of adventurers has entered a local dungeon in search of a particularly elusive and dangerous opponent who has taken refuge there. The characters have adventured extensively in this dungeon in the past, and have made a fairly accurate map of this particular area. But despite a careful search, they have been unable to locate their quarry, and have concluded that he must have exited via a secret door. As there were no elves with the group when they decided to take up the chase, their chances of locating secret doors with any speed are not good. Therefore, they have agreed upon the following plan.

One of the party clerics has cast a *true seeing*[2] spell, and is running at top speed (9″) through the dungeon pointing out secret doors as he passes them. Another party member runs with him taking notes. The rest of his party members have been stationed all along the agreed-upon path to hold the intervening normal doors open so that the cleric will not have to waste time opening them while his spell is running. As the runners pass through each door, the party member stationed there allows it to close and joins the runners.

This plan should enable the group to cover the maximum distance possible with the *true seeing* spell and end up together at the end of the line. But imagine how it would look to someone who didn't know what was going on. . . .

Notes for the DM

The cleric's dash starts at point A and follows the indicated route, finally ending at point B. At the start of the 810′ dash, an NPC is stationed at each door along the cleric's intended path.

This encounter begins in Room 1. Bring the PCs in through the north door. They cannot see the west door from their entry point.

Start

> You have just entered a normal looking 40′ x 50′ room. There are three other exits, a 10′ opening in the middle of the west wall, a 10′ opening in the north end of the east wall, and a door in the south end of the east wall. A burly dwarf is standing at the latter door, patiently holding it open. He is watching the opening in the west wall intently, as though waiting for something.
>
> As you study the dwarf, a voice comes from the west opening. "What is it Thorton?"
>
> "Just some people, Ralph," answers the dwarf.

The voice belongs to Ralph, a half-orc fighter dressed in an ornate uniform, who is holding the west door open. Thorton and Ralph are basically friendly, and will converse freely with the PCs on a variety of topics if approached in a non-threatening manner.

Although neither has the map, both are reasonably familiar with the layout of the dungeon, and may provide some information if requested (DM's option). Thorton, like most dwarves, is an expert on rocks and stonework. He has designed and completed several mosaics — a few of which adorn the dungeon walls. He will be happy to direct any interested PCs to his masterpieces. Ralph is not an artist, but he does consider himself a snappy dresser and a gourmand. He collects uniforms, and the one he is wearing has plenty of gold braid and a fine surcoat. Compliments about it will cause him to swell with pride and drop the names of several high-ranking local officials, whom he claims as personal friends.

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RALPH Character ©1986 James Pearce. All Rights Reserved.

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If asked what they're doing, Thorton replies, "Well, some friends of ours are gonna be coming through here in a hurry pretty soon; don't stand in front of the door, OK?" Neither can explain the situation in detail, since both are fighters who don't clearly understand the magic involved.

If the PCs attack Thorton or Ralph, both NPCs allow their doors to close and return the attack, knowing that the rest of their party (a 10th-level cleric, a 9th-level cleric, an 11th-level magic-user, a 9th-level fighter and a 10th-level cavalier[4]) will soon arrive to help them. If these NPCs arrive to find the doors closed, they will be suitably upset. If they have to stop and fight, they will be downright angry!

The cleric and company arrive in Room 1 four rounds after the PCs enter.

> Slowly, you become aware of a far-off clanging sound coming from beyond the west door. The noise grows louder as you listen, and the clanging is augmented by shouting and the sound of running feet. The dwarf and half-orc seem unperturbed by the din, but they do shout for you to move aside.

Allow the characters to take evasive actions, if desired.

> As you hastily prepare yourselves to meet the onrushing force, four armored people and a robed spellcaster burst through the door that Ralph has been holding and run out again past Thorton.

The PCs may take any desired actions as the NPCs charge through the room. If their path is blocked, the NPC fighters will try to knock any characters or objects out of the way and continue, leaving Thorton and Ralph to deal with the PCs.

> As the dust clears, you see Thorton still holding the east door open. Ralph has allowed the west door to close, and is on his way over to the dwarf. "They'll be back in a minute," explains Thorton. "Better move aside."

Two rounds later, the NPCs return as promised.

> Less than two minutes after the previous grand entrance, you hear the now familiar crashing again. As you dive for cover, the same five adventurers charge in through the door the dwarf has been holding. Still ignoring you, they dash through the northernmost opening on the east wall. This time, Thorton and Ralph abandon their posts and sprint out after the group, bidding you a hasty farewell. Moments later, you hear someone shout "There!" as the sound of stomping feet and clanking metal fades into the distance.

Thorton

Player: Dave Conant
9th Level Male Dwarf Fighter

STR: 18(99)
INT: 14
WIS: 11
DEX: 17
CON: 17
CHA: 15

AC normal: -2
AC rear: 2
Hit Points: 93
Alignment: Lawful Good

Special Abilities: attacks 3/2[2]; dwarf abilities[2].

Equipment: *banded mail +2*[3]; shield; *longsword +1*[3]; *longsword +2, dragon slayer*[3] (Lawful Good, NSA); *ring of free action*[3]; *ring of warmth*[3]; *Keoghtom's ointment*[3]; *helm of underwater action*[3]; *gem of blinking* (works as *ring of blinking*[4]).

Ralph

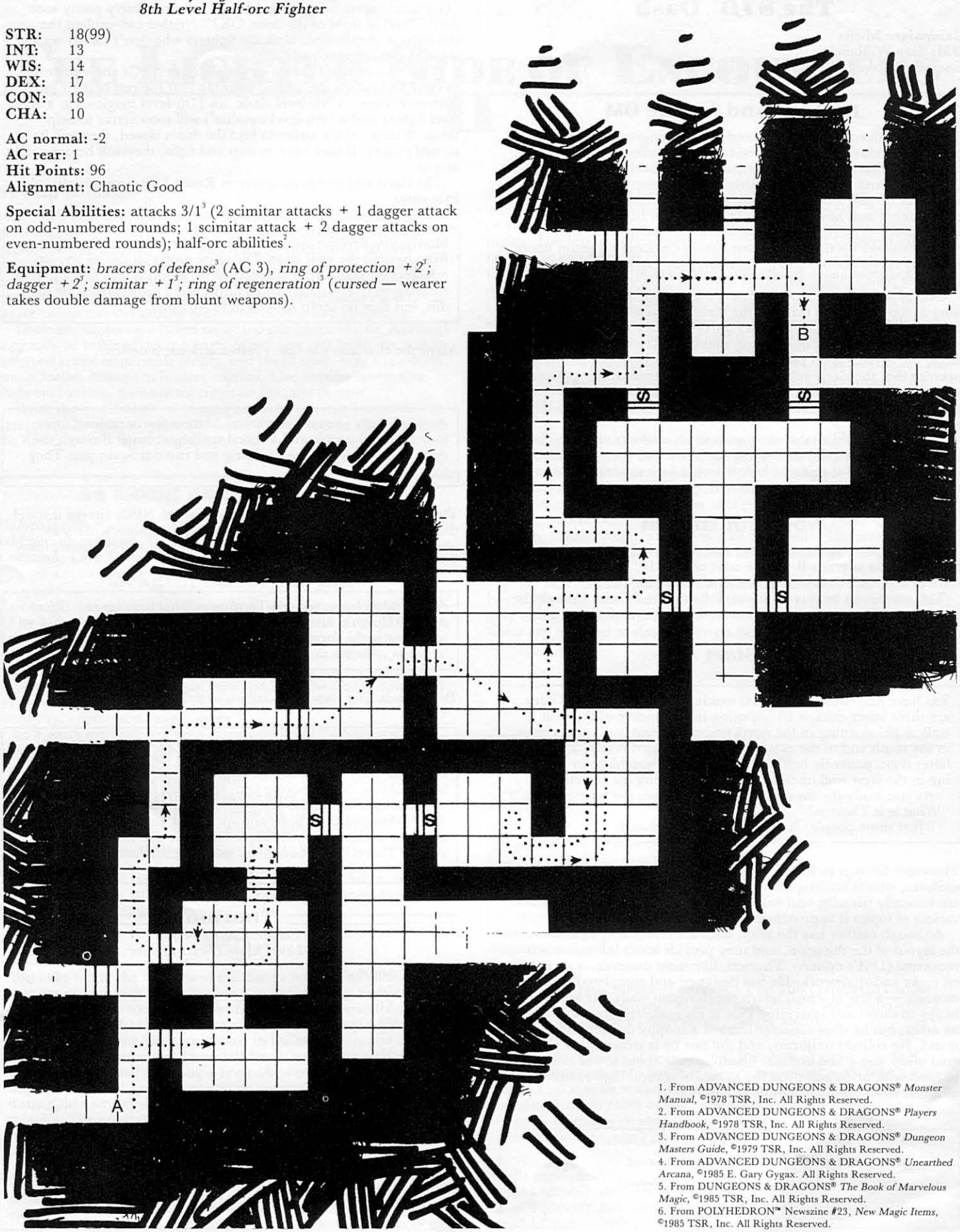
Player: Jim Pearce
8th Level Half-orc Fighter

STR: 18(99)
INT: 13
WIS: 14
DEX: 17
CON: 18
CHA: 10

AC normal: -2
AC rear: 1
Hit Points: 96
Alignment: Chaotic Good

Special Abilities: attacks 3/1[3] (2 scimitar attacks + 1 dagger attack on odd-numbered rounds; 1 scimitar attack + 2 dagger attacks on even-numbered rounds); half-orc abilities[2].

Equipment: *bracers of defense*[3] (AC 3), *ring of protection +2*[3]; *dagger +2*[3]; *scimitar +1*[3]; *ring of regeneration*[3] (*cursed* — wearer takes double damage from blunt weapons).



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THE CAMEL'S NOSE

by Michael D. Selinker

A Lighthearted AD&D® Game Adventure for 6 Real Characters

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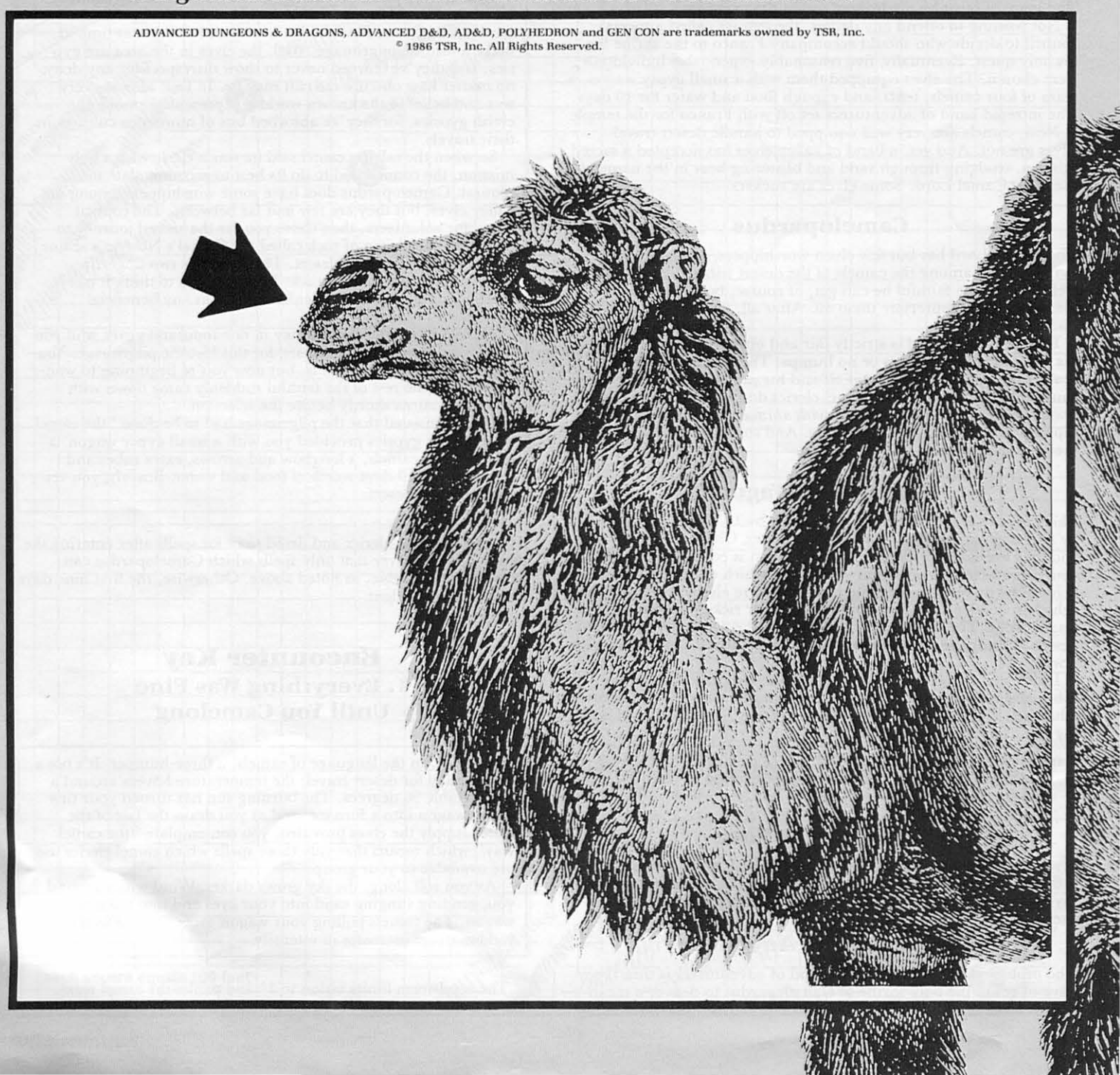


PART I: OUT FOR A CAMEL SPIN

History

On the east side of the Burning Desert lies a fertile valley populated by elves. These valley elf tribes are nomadic, traveling in small wagons and never staying in one place for long. They are often called "gypsies," for they can read the signs of nature — at least, so they say.

In their extensive travels, the elven gypsies have absorbed bits of numerous cultures. All beliefs, no matter how obscure, are tolerated by the tribes, and all the gypsies pay proper respect and service to all faiths, at least when the clerics of the sects in question are around.

One such obscure cult is that of Camelopardus, Camel Lord of the Burning Desert. At the last tribal conference, a camel walked into the council glade, introduced himself as Franco, and announced that this was the year that the faithful of Camelopardus must choose the best among them to deliver the sacred Camel's Nose to the Temple of Camelopardus on the other side of the desert. The journey must be made overland in the true camel spirit.

Not wishing to offend any deities, the gypsies called a special council to decide who should accompany Franco to the shrine for his holy quest. Eventually, five reasonably expendable individuals were chosen. The elves equipped them with a small gypsy wagon, a team of four camels, tents, and enough food and water for 10 days. The intrepid band of adventurers set off with Franco for the temple.

Now, camels are very well equipped to handle desert travel. Elves are not. And yet, a band of valley elves has accepted a sacred mission, trudging through sand and blistering heat in the name of the great Camel Lord. Some elves are suckers.

Camelopardus

The Camel Lord has but few elven worshippers, though he has many faithful among the camels of the desert tribes. Camelopardus welcomes all the faithful he can get, of course, but that doesn't mean he has to appreciate them all. After all, the bipedal ones have no humps.

But the Camel Lord is strictly fair and impartial, treating all of his followers alike, humps or no humps. The fact that he doesn't really differentiate between his elf and his camel worshippers can cause some difficulties. His camel clerics don't need such spells as *endure heat, create water, speak with animals,* and so forth, so his bipedal clerics don't get them either. And sometimes he sends all of them on pilgrimages.

The Gypsy Wagon

The wagon is small, 8′ wide by 12′ long by 12′ high. It is pulled by four ordinary camels named Able, Baker, Charley, and Nikita — and they are not nice creatures. The wagon is covered on all sides with a sand-colored tarpaulin with a flap which opens on the side behind the driver; opening the tarp anywhere else will tear it. The vehicle's wooden frame is supported by four rickety wheels on fragile axles. The camels are connected to the wagon by rope harnesses. The driver sits in the seat behind the camels and steers with a whip.

Inside the wagon are the Camel's Nose, two pup tents, extra robes and turbans, a set of bagpipes, a longbow and twenty arrows, a hatchet, a divining rod, six empty canteens, little food, and nothing else. The interior is carpeted.

Camels: 4; AL N; MV 21″; HD 3; hp 13 each; AC 7; THAC0 16; AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (bite) or spit with 25% chance to blind for 1-3 rounds; SZ L; IN Semi-; STs 16; STw 15.

The Camel's Nose

The Camel's Nose is a six-inch hunk of marble with two fingertip indentations and a crack to which many people have attributed mystical significance. It has absolutely no magical powers whatsoever.

Beginning the Adventure

The problem facing our intrepid band of adventurers is this: They have to get to the holy shrine of Camelopardus to deliver a meaningless hunk of rock to someone who doesn't know they're coming. To do this, they have make a ten-day journey across a desert. Everybody's got problems.

The characters may make whatever additional arrangements they desire before departure, but extra water and food supplies are not available; the gypsies are quite poor. Clerics may have access to all desired spells the first day, but once out in the desert, they may have only those that Camelopardus deems appropriate.

The first few days in the desert are uneventful. The adventure begins on the tenth day after departure, when the water supply is nearly gone. The desert is not a terribly hospitable place, and sandstorms can happen very quickly. Fortunately for the PCs, today is not terribly bad for desert travel. The temperature hovers around a comfortable 90 degrees.

Players' Background

You have come far from your sylvan homelands on a sacred mission. The Camel's Nose, holy icon of the great god Camelopardus, must be transported across the desert to the fabled shrine of the deity.

It all started when the talking camel strode into the council meeting of the valley elves. He said he was a cleric of Camelopardus, the Camel Lord of the desert, and that it was time to make a historic pilgrimage. Well, the elves in the area are gypsies, and they've learned never to show disrespect for any deity, no matter how obscure the cult may be. In fact, almost every sect and belief in the known world is represented among the elvish gypsies, for they've absorbed bits of numerous cultures in their travels.

So when the talking camel said he was a cleric with a holy mission, the council had to do its best to accommodate the request. Camelopardus does have some worshippers among the valley elves, but they are few and far between. The council asked for volunteers, then chose you for the sacred journey to take a six-inch lump of rock called the Camel's Nose to a shrine on the other side of the desert. The Nose has two fingertip indentations and a large crack. Franco seems to think it has mystical significance, but denies that it has any beneficial powers.

No one has made this journey in one thousand years, and you were very honored to be chosen for this historic pilgrimage. You WERE very honored that is, but now you're beginning to wonder why all the rest of the faithful suddenly came down with severe sunburns shortly before the selection.

Franco insisted that the pilgrimage had to be done "the camel way," so the gypsies provided you with a small gypsy wagon, a team of four camels, a longbow and arrows, extra robes and turbans, and 10 days worth of food and water. Bravely, you set forth into the desert.

The first time the clerics and druid pray for spells after entering the desert, they discover that only spells which Camelopardus can provide are available, as noted above. Otherwise, the first nine days pass without incident.

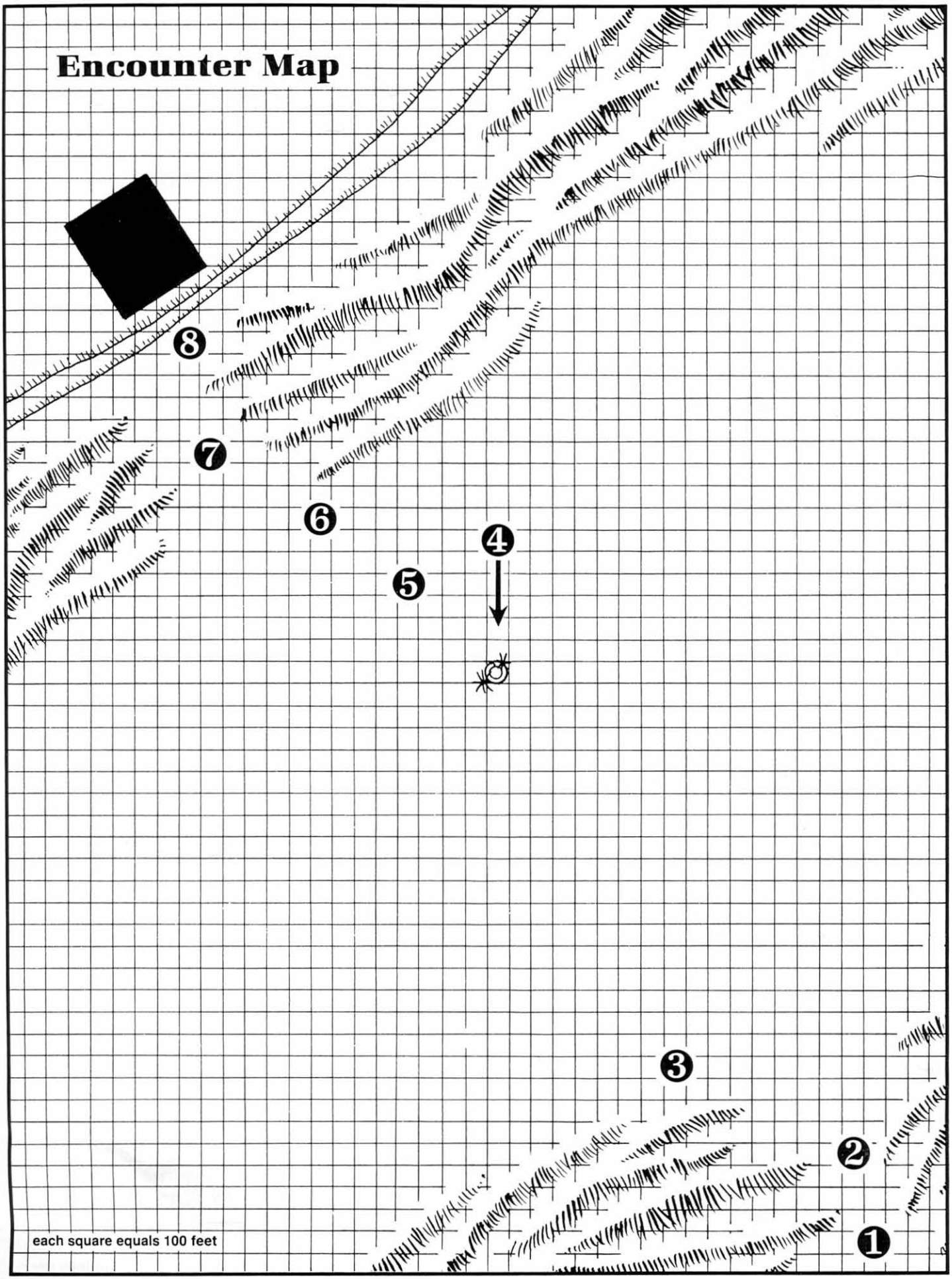
Encounter Key

1. Everything Was Fine Until You Camelong

The day is, in the language of camels, a three-humper. It's not a terrible day for desert travel; the temperature hovers around a comfortable 90 degrees. The burning sun has turned your tiny gypsy wagon into a furnace, and as you drain the last of the water supply the elves provided, you contemplate "the camel way," which means that only those spells which camel clerics use are available to your group.

As you roll along, the sky grows darker. Wind whips around you, sending stinging sand into your eyes and into the tiny wagon. The camels pulling your wagon grow nervous as the sudden storm increases in intensity.

The sandstorm limits vision to 1′ and panics the camel team, which bolts east. Those inside the wagon suffer no ill effects if the


Encounter Map
8
7
6
4
5
3
2
1
each square equals 100 feet

tarp is closed; those outside in the storm take 1 point of damage for each round spent exposed to the stinging sand.

The storm lasts for 30 minutes. When it is over, the characters are miles off course. The shifting sand has altered the appearance of the terrain enough so that no landmarks are visible.

> After the sandstorm abates, you survey the situation. All are present and accounted for, but you are definitely off course. Nothing looks familiar; there's only sand as far as the eye can see.
>
> Your guide, Franco the talking camel, sniffs the stifling morning air as you prepare to debark. "I think we go north," he says. "Yes, I'm certain of it. North. I think". You sigh as you pack the tents into the wagon and set off, hoping that the Camel Lord is smiling upon you.

2. Camels For Breakfast

> As you drive on through the scorching sun, a horrible squealing breaks the silence. At the center of the small cloud of sand approaching your wagon from the right is a small camel — probably a baby. It veers to avoid your wagon and runs on, panicked. Nothing else is visible in the area.

The baby camel is being pursued by a whirling dervish, which is currently tunneling through the sand tracking the sound of the camel's running feet. The dervish is distracted by the sounds of the wagon, and pops up to investigate. His appearance creates a cloud of sand, which is projected in all directions, buffeting characters and camels alike. This does no damage, but it incapacitates anyone in the driver's seat who fails a save vs. paralyzation for one round.

> Moments later, the ground in front of you explodes in a flurry of sand. After is clears, a jittery furball with long teeth and google-eyes stands before you. The creature rubs its eyes, looks around, and mutters something in gutteral grunts which almost sounds like, "Where camel go?"

The dervish, whose name is Rastas McDivish, is intelligent and speaks Common, though his long teeth prevent proper enunciation, so others frequently do not understand. If not attacked immediately, Rastas slowly creeps up to Franco and stares up at him in amazement. "You big!" he says quite sincerely. If he is attacked, he fights savagely until such time as he perceives that the party (or merely Franco) is too much for him and attempts to flee down into the sand.

Rastas McDivish has lived in the desert all his life, but he is less than useful when it comes to giving directions. His life is a simple one, consisting mainly of chasing and consuming small desert creatures. He knows of a "big, BIG creature" who lives in a lake that might be able to help the characters, but he can't remember where it is, or for that matter, where anything is.

Rastas talks in a fast pidgin common intermixed with other strange noises. He is constantly hungry, but he will not try to eat anything while Franco is around. But if Franco leaves for any reason, Rastas may try to take a bite out of one of the camels. When he is finished talking to the party, he tunnels into the sand, causing a cyclone of sand similar to that which accompanied his appearance.

Whirling Dervish: 1; AL N; MV 18″/9″ through sand; HD 5 + 5; hp 30; AC 5; THAC0 13; AT 1 bite; Dmg 2d4; SZ S; IN Low; STs 13, STw 12.

Baby Camel: 1; AL N; MV 21″; HD 2; hp 7; AC 7; THAC0 16; AT 1; Dmg 1-3 (bite), or spit with 25% chance to blind for 1-3 rounds; SZ M; IN Semi-; STs 17, STw 16.

3. Camelflies, Mach I

At this next point is an underground nest of sleeping camelflies. When the the wagon gets within 50 yards of the lair, the smell of fresh camel drives the gnat-like insects into a feeding frenzy. They appear suddenly, erupting out of the ground and swarming around the wagon. (Except as noted, treat the swarm as the 5th-level clerical spell *insect plague*.

Creatures inside the covered wagon take no damage, assuming the tarp is closed. If it is open, the protection is useless. (Note however that the tarp can be opened for a few seconds without letting in enough camelflies to cause damage to those inside.)

The camels, of course, do not have this protection. Franco's actions can be as rational as desired, but the camels pulling the wagon panic. On the second round of the insect attack, assuming no character has whipped them or told them in camel to run forward, Nikita takes a bite out of Baker's posterior. This in turn panics Baker, and the entire camel team bolts at double speed out of the swarm. They stop, exhausted, at point 4 (but not before). The swarm will pursue but the camels can outrun it.

If the characters abandon the gypsy wagon, the camels will run straight for the oasis. The characters can see the oasis from this point and may head for it if they wish. When they get there, the camels are drinking from the pond. If the characters do not head for the oasis, the desert is very vast and very empty.

4. A Mammal in Camelstown

> Before you lies a welcome sight — an oasis! Nestled between two palm trees is a pool of water about 100′ in diameter. Green vegetation grows all the way around the pond, which appears to be about two feet deep.

This is not a mirage. The lake is actually filled with fresh water, mildly warm but eminently drinkable. The camels begin slowing down from exhaustion about 200 yards from this oasis. They must spend at least five rounds drinking water to replenish their natural reservoirs, or they risk dehydration and death. The characters may be in much the same situation if they have no water either.

The outer 10′ of the lake is indeed 2′ deep, but the center 80′ diameter circle is a *gate* to the elemental plane of water. Any creature that goes into the water beyond the 10′ safety zone may swim down into the *gate* if desired. From there, all that can be seen is deep water with no surface in sight. One round later, the hapless creature comes shooting out of the pond on top of a whale's waterspout. As the whale's plume dies in intensity, the creature floats gently down onto its back.

In any event, the whale's spout appears on the fourth round after the arrival of the camels, deeply upsetting them. When he appears, he rises slowly out of the lake, taking a full round to complete his depressurization. The newcomer is a freshwater humpback whale, and a young one at that. He is intelligent, and he calls himself Cecil.

Cecil has learned common from Camellia (encounter 5), whom he knows well from his many visits to the desert via this *gate*. He can never stay for more than about thirty minutes due to the heat, so he times his visits to Camellia's schedule. Cecil has learned to whisper, so his voice is no more than a booming roar.

Cecil's knowledge of this area is limited. He only knows that his friend Camellia comes through here about this time every day, and that he occasionally gets visits from a "little hairball with teeth" who is very respectful toward him. Other than that, Cecil has little information except that Camellia will be able to help them if they wait for her arrival.

Cecil has a penchant for fish jokes, fish gossip, and fish anecdotes. He genuinely thinks they are funny, and will become very downhearted if others react negatively to them. He enjoys relating tales of his friends, such as the fish cleric ("Holy mackerel"), the fish baseball player ("A first bass-man"), the fish doctor ("A general sturgeon"), and so on.

Humpback whale: 1; AL N; MV 21″ swimming; HD 32; hp 135; AC 4; THAC0 7; AT 1; Dmg 4-40 (tail smash), or water splash; SZ L; IN Average; STs 6, Stw 5.

5. Camelcade, and the Ship of the Desert

> Looking beyond the oasis, you notice what appears to be a Viking Dragon ship coming this way. As it gets closer, you can see a long camel train pulling it across the desert on large rollers.

Cecil happily identifies this as Camellia's ship. Camellia is a werecamel who is currently in human form. She is a seventh-level cleric

of Camelopardus, so she knows that a group of pilgrims are bringing the Camel's Nose to the shrine, but not that the PCs are that group. She greets Cecil and the characters with a "Yoo hoo, everybody!" and climbs down from the ship by means of a rope ladder.

In human form, Camellia is a stocky 220-pound woman. She wears a gold-colored tutu and putrid mauve leotards. (Her complexionist told her that these colors are just GUSHING with sincerity.) She tends to shake her flab in a strangely alluring way when she walks. In camel form, she is actually quite beautiful — to other camels, that is.

Camellia loves camels — especially good-looking ones such as Franco. At the first opportunity, she cozys up to Franco and whispers sweet somethings in his ear, probably forgetting to mention that she spends much of her time as a camel. If she is rebuffed, she will slap him in the face and say, "Well I never!" then leave toward the south on her ship. If she is not rebuffed, she will slap Franco in the face, call him fresh, and leave toward the south on her ship.

Camellia can give directions to the temple if requested. ("Just through those sand dunes to the northwest, DAH-lings, you CAHN'T miss it.") However, she forgets to mention the changes that the temple has gone through. She can be placated by appealing to her religious devotion, but she refuses to guide the PCs to the shrine, citing conflicts with her own daily pilgrimage to her aerobics class. She would be mildly interested in seeing the Camel's Nose if anyone offers to show it to her, but she is unlikely to be impressed ("Ooh, that crack is just SO . . . so TACKY.")

Camellia's ship is a Dragon galley with two tiers of 40 oars each, which are obviously not in operation. It is being hauled by fifty normal camels, and is supported by fifteen strong watertight cylinders (known in naval parlance as camels). Each of these cylinders is thirty feet long, and they are tied together by ropes connected to the ship. Were these rope-cylinder treads not present, it would require many more camels to pull the ship across the desert. The ship cannot be driven without special knowledge of the mechanics involved, and Camellia is unlikely to give that information to the PCs.

Camellia: AL N; MV 12″; C7; hp 45; ST 9, IN 13, WS 16, DX 7, CN 16, CH 10; AC 7; THAC0 16; AT 1 weapon or spell; Dmg by weapon or spell; SZ M; STs 12, STw 11.
Special Defenses: Can only be hit by silver or magic weapon.
Equipment: *ring of protection +3*; *ring of invisibility.*
In camel form: AL N; MV 21″; HD 6+6, hp 45; AC 7; THAC0 13; AT 1; Dmg 2-8 (bite), or spit to blind for 2-8 rounds; SZ L; IN Very; Sts 13, STw 12.
Spells Carried: *cure light wounds* (x2); *command*; *sanctuary*; *light*; *dust devil*; *snake charm*; *slow poison*; *silence, 15′ radius*; *hold person*; *dispel magic*; *remove paralysis*; *cure serious wounds*

Camels: 50; AL N; MV 21″, or 6″ pulling ship; HD 3; hp 13 each; AC 7; THAC0 16; AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (bite), or spit with 25% chance to blind for 1-3 rounds; SZ L; IN Semi-; STs 16, STw 15.

6. Camelflies, Mach II

Near the south entrance to the sand dune passage is another nest of camelflies. Once the camels are well into the passage, the swarm will attack. Anyone on top of the dunes can spot the swarm easily, but those near the wagon cannot see the flies until they strike.

> As you pass through the sand dune passage, you hear a familiar buzzing sound. A swarm of camelflies is coming at the wagon from the south entrance to the dunes.

If the characters have seen the swarm from the dunes, they have one round to take actions before the swarm reaches them. If they drive the camels forward, they can outdistance the flies coming from the south — but they will only have a moment's respite before the SECOND swarm comes out of the ground at point 6a. If the second swarm successfully detains the characters or panics the camels, the first swarm may be able to catch up and join the festivities.

As before, treat the swarm as the 5th-level clerical spell *insect plague* except as noted.

Refer immediately to encounter 7.

7. Camel Rustlers

As the wagon is enveloped in the swarm, a band of camel thieves moves into position to steal the party's camels. Pancho and Pencho are at point A, Pincho is at B, Pooncho is at C, Puncho is at D, Pouncho and Paincho are in reserve at E, and Mergatroid is at point F.

Round 1: Pancho fires a quarrel from his *crossbow of accuracy*, which neatly splits the reins connecting the camels to the wagon. Freed, they immediately bolt forward into the pass. At the same time, Pencho fires a flaming arrow, which hits the tarpaulin and ignites it. If the fire is not extinguished immediately, it spreads within one round to the rest of the wagon.

Round 2: All of the camelflies depart. Pencho fires a second flaming arrow, this time igniting the base of the wagon. All creatures still inside the wagon take 1-3 points of damage.

Round 3: Pancho and Pencho continue to fire missiles. Meanwhile, Pincho fires at anyone trying to leave the wagon through the rear of the tarpaulin. When this strategy is no longer useful, he moves to melee. Pooncho and Puncho wait until the loose camels pass them, and then throw spears and javelins at the party members near the wagon. After this they move to melee. (Note: if a PC jumps onto the panicked camels, Pooncho and Puncho will wait until the character and camels pass them, then use their missiles to pick off the rider. They do not use them on Franco unless he attacks them.)

Mergatroid's goal is to capture the camels. He leaps onto the backs of the two rear camels and grabs the broken reins in an attempt to steer them toward the sign (point 8). This will take him one round. If there is an PC connected to the camels in any way, he deals with the problem as best he can while trying to control the camels. If Franco tries to stop him, Mergatroid tosses his hatchet at him. Should this fail to deter him, Pouncho and Paincho will rush to Mergatroid's aid.

For the rest of the combat, Pancho and Pencho continue firing missiles, attempting to keep the wagon ablaze and the characters busy. Once the camels are past the sign, Pancho yells to his henchmen and they all try to escape. None has any compunctions about leaving the others behind. Pancho intends to escape by jumping.

Pancho and his cohorts are employed by Uncle Bedouin (see shopping center) to steal camels for him. All of the rustlers are human.

Pancho: AL N; MV 12″; F6; hp 43; AC 4; THAC0 16; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 14, STw 13.
Special Abilities: Weapon specialization in light crossbow; +1 bonus "to hit" with missile weapons (16 dexterity).
Equipment: Light *crossbow of accuracy +3*; *ring of jumping*; *potion of extra-healing*; leather armor; longsword; 20 bolts; dagger.

Pencho: AL N; MV 12″; F4; hp 28; AC 6; THAC0 18; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 16, STw 15.
Special Abilities: Weapon specialization in long bow; +1 bonus "to hit" with missile weapons (16 dexterity).
Equipment: Long bow; 20 arrows; longsword; leather armor; 3 flasks of oil; tinderbox and rags.

Pincho: AL N; MV 12″; F3; hp 24; AC 8; THAC0 18; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 15, STw 15.
Equipment: Short bow; 20 arrows; broadsword; leather armor.

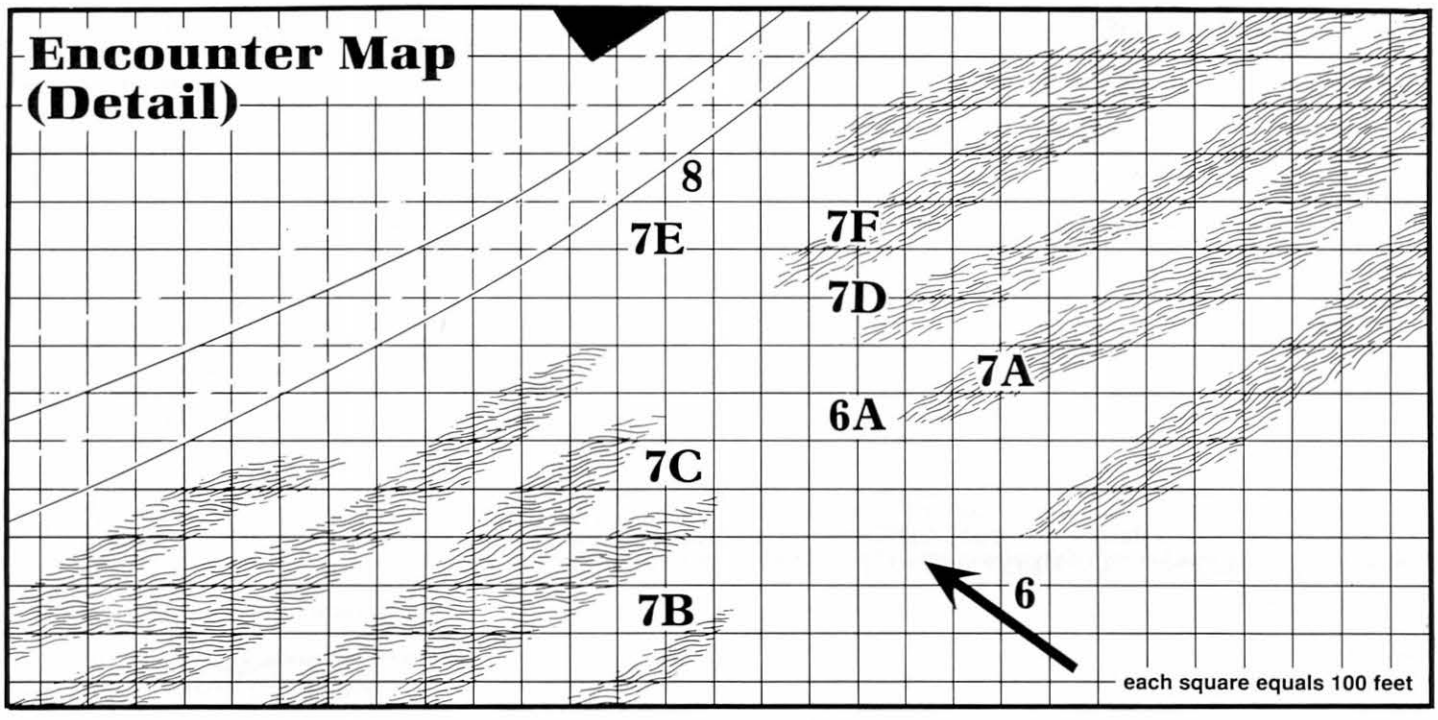
Pooncho: AL N; MV 12″; F3; hp 20; AC 7; THAC0 18; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 16, STw 15.
Equipment: Spear; longsword; hand axe; leather armor; shield.

Puncho: AL N; MV 12″; F3; hp 21; AC 8; THAC0 18; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 16, STw 15.
Special Abilities: +1 damage bonus with melee weapon (16 strength).
Equipment: 3 javelins; morning star; leather armor.

Pouncho: AL N; MV 12″; F3; hp 28; AC 7; THAC0 18; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 16, STw 15.
Equipment: Longsword; leather armor; shield.

Paincho: AL N; MV 12″; F3; hp 19; AC 8; THAC0 18; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 16, STw 15.
Equipment: Battle axe; leather armor.

Mergatroid: AL N; MV 12″; T-Acrobat 6; hp 29; AC 6; THAC0 19; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 13, STw 12.
Special Abilities: Backstab for triple damage with surprise; PP



65%; OL 57%; FT 45%; MS 67%; HS 52%; HN 20%; CW 102%; RL 30%; tightrope walk 100%; pole vault 12′; high jump 5′; standing broadjump 5½′; running broad jump 10′; tumbling attack 11%; tumbling evasion 19%; tumbling/falling 20′ (25%); +3 "to hit" with missile weapon (18 dexterity).

Equipment: *ring of free action*; *dagger +1*; hatchet; dagger; no armor.

8. Camels Come Home

At the top of the sand bluff is a sign. If Mergatroid succeeds in controlling the camels, he takes them past this sign and to the building below. If the characters follow him to the sign, or otherwise investigate it, read the following:

> The sign at the top of the hill says "CAMELOPARDUS!" on it! You've reached the temple, a white building at the bottom of the hill. But wait . . . something's wrong with the sign. Some of the letters are missing, and new ones have been painted over some of them. It says . . . .

Show the players the sign at the top of page 21.

PART II: CAMELS INCORPORATED
Notes For The Dungeon Master
CAMELS OASIS

In the millenium since the last holy pilgrimage to this area, the Church of Camelopardus cut its losses. Rising costs of overhead and the decreasing number of faithful with opposing thumbs (and hence MONEY) prompted the church to sell its controlling interest in the shrine to a developer with a penchant for stores. Nobody told the valley elves.

Fortunately for the PCs, the Church of Camelopardus still maintains a .25% interest in the complex. The shrine is still here, but it is now in the basement of **Biff's Designer Cheese Emporium.** The caretaker of the shrine has no idea the characters are coming. (Nobody told him either.)

Business is great at CAMELS OASIS. The shopping center has established itself as THE fashionable stopover for gypsies, merchants, dervishes, and other desert denizens. It is said among these groups that if you can't find it at CAMELS OASIS, you've got too much sand between your ears. Everything is available at CAMELS OASIS — for a modest fee.

CAMELS OASIS is packed with people from all walks of life. Feel free to eliminate or add encounters. 0-Level NPCs as desired can appear anywhere in the scenario have been added at the end of the module.

Conducting Play

There are only four planned incidents in the shopping center — the incident at the entrance, the combat near **Whacksworks**, the fight outside of **Uncle Bedouin's Used Camel Lot**, and the discovery of the shrine of Camelopardus. All other events in the scenario involve dealing with merchants in the individual shops, plus any interaction the PCs may have with bystanders in the corridors. Remember that uninvolved people are everywhere in the building — and most of them are innocents.

Players' Background

> Days like this are not fit for man nor camel. You've been through every indignity the desert could throw at you — sun, sandstorms, whirling dervishes, whales, designer clerics, bugs, bandits, burning wagons and stolen camels — just to find somebody to foist off this sacred hunk of rock on, and now this. The Temple of Camelopardus has been converted in the last thousand years to something called "CAMELS OASIS." You didn't ask for this.
>
> The white marble building in the valley below you is fronted by a large glowing sign bearing its name. Hordes of people are filing in and out of the main doorway. The tracks of your camel team lead down into the valley.
>
> So here you stand, no food, no water, no camel team, no wagon, no hope whatsoever, with a building down the bluff. The day can't get any worse, can it?

Planned Encounters
1. Entrance, and a Surprise

Throngs of people are streaming in and out of the building — in on the right and out on the left. Those who are going in are standing patiently in a line to be admitted. There is an unmistakable sign which says, "Admission: 1 gold noble (2 gold nobles for talking camels)."

If the PCs barge through the line, let them succeed in doing so. The last person they push out of the way will be a halfling named Rash McPepper.

If they wait patiently in line to pay their admission, Rash McPepper will be the customer immediately ahead of them. Rash is a hairfoot merchant dressed in desert robes. He introduces himself and starts pleasant chitchat with the party. When it comes time to enter the building, Rash graciously steps aside and allows Franco to

Tattiebogle Spauldrocky

Male Valley Elf Fighter/Thief (5/6)

Ability Scores

STR:	12	*+10#wt, Drs 1-2, BB-LG 4%*
INT:	11	*+2 languages*
WIS:	11	
DEX:	16	*+1 reactions/missiles, -2 AC bonus*
CON:	13	*SS 85, RES 90*
CHA:	12	*5 henchmen*

Description

Age: 170
Height: 5′ 9″
Weight: 90 pounds
Hair/Eyes: silver/amber
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Combat Skills

THAC0 (as fighter): 16
THAC0 (as thief): 19
AC normal: 3
AC rear: 5
Armor type: leather
Hit Points: 32

Weapon Proficiencies (Fighter): 5 (long-sword, short bow, whip, spear, club).
NPP: -2
Weapon Proficiencies (Thief): 3 (dagger, sling, short sword).
NPP: -3

Saving Throws*

Poison, paralysis, death	11
Petrification, polymorph	11
Rod, staff, wand	12
Breath weapon	13
Spell	13

**Add +3 to all saves for* cloak

Racial & Professional Skills

Attacks: 1/round

Thieving Skills

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	HN	CW	RL
60	47	45	52	47	25	92	45

Special Abilities: +1 "to hit" with bow or sword; 90% resistant to *sleep* and *charm*; find secret doors (1 in 6 chance in passing, 2 in 6 chance if searching); find concealed doors (1 in 6 chance in passing, 3 in 6 chance if searching); infravision 60'.
Languages: Common, elvish, gnoll, gnome, goblin, halfling, hobgoblin, and orcish.

Racial Preferences

Dwf	Elf	Gno	H-E	Hfg	H-O	Hum
A	P	T	G	T	A	N

Equipment

Magic Items: *cloak of protection +3; dagger +2; wand of magic detection* (14 charges); *potion of healing; potion of ventriloquism.*
Normal Items: Longsword, driver's whip, robes and turban, thieving tools.

XP: 34,000/34,000 **Gold:** 6 gp, 13 sp

Arglebargle Collieshangle

Female Valley Elf Magic-user/Cleric (5/6)

Ability Scores

STR:	10	*Drs 1-2, BB-LG 2%*
INT:	14	*+4 languages, CtK 55%, 6-9/level*
WIS:	14	
DEX:	15	*-1 AC bonus*
CON:	10	*SS 70, RES 75*
CHA:	14	*+10% reactions, 6 henchmen/+5% loyalty*

Description

Age: 145
Height: 4′ 6″
Weight: 80 pounds
Hair/Eyes: gold/violet
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Combat Data

THAC0 (as cleric): 20
THAC0 (as thief): 18
AC normal: 7
AC rear: 8
Armor type: leather
Hit Points: 31

Weapon Proficiencies (Magic-user): 1 (staff).
NPP: -5
Weapon Proficiencies (Cleric): 3 (flail, staff, mace).
NPP: -3

Saving Throws

Poison, paralysis, death	9
Petrification, polymorph	12
Rod, staff, wand	11
Breath weapon	15
Spell	12

Racial & Professional Skills

Attacks: 1/round
Spells/day (magic-user): 4 2 1 -
Spells/day (cleric): 5 3 2 -
Special Abilities: +1 "to hit" with bow or sword; 90% resistant to *sleep* and *charm*; find secret doors (1 in 6 chance in passing, 2 in 6 chance if searching); find concealed doors (1 in 6 chance in passing, 3 in 6 chance if searching); infravision (60').
Languages: Common, elvish, gnoll, gnome, goblin, halfling, hobgoblin, and orcish.

Undead Turning Table

Skeleton	D	Mummy	13
Zombie	D	Spectre	16
Ghoul	T	Vampire	20
Shadow	T	Ghost	—
Wight	4	Lich	—
Ghast	7	Special	—
Wraith	10		

Racial Preferences

Dwf	Elf	Gno	H-E	Hfg	H-O	Hum
A	P	T	G	T	A	N

Equipment

Magic items: *Wand of magic missiles* (41 charges); *scroll of cure serious wounds, dust devil,* and *sticks to snakes; potion of diminution; philter of stammering and stuttering; mace +1.*
Normal Equipment: Robes and turban, material components, holy symbol (silver hump).

Clishmaclaver Collieshangle

Female Valley Elf Fighter/Magic-user (5/5)

Ability Scores

STR:	16	*+1 dam, +35#wt, Drs 1-3, BB-LG 10%*
INT:	14	*+4 languages, CtK 55%, 6-9/level*
WIS:	10	
DEX:	16	*+1 reactions/missiles, -2 AC bonus*
CON:	15	*+1 hp/die, SS 91, RES 94*
CHA:	15	*+15% reactions, 7 henchmen/+15% loyalty*

Description

Age: 155
Height: 5′ 3″
Weight: 113 pounds
Hair/Eyes: gold/violet
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Combat Data

THAC0 (as fighter): 16
THAC0 (as magic-user): 20
AC normal: 2
AC rear: 8
Armor type: leather & *shield +3*
Hit Points: 37

Weapon Proficiencies (Magic-user): 1 (dagger).
NPP: -5
Weapon Proficiencies (Fighter): 5 (long-sword, long bow, hammer, dagger, flail).
NPP: -2

Saving Throws

Poison, paralysis, death	11
Petrification, polymorph	12
Rod, staff, wand	11
Breath weapon	13
Spell	12

Racial & Professional Skills

Attacks: 1/round
Spells/day: 4 2 1 -
Special Abilities: +1 "to hit" with bow or sword; 90% resistant to *sleep* and *charm*; find secret doors (1 in 6 chance in passing, 2 in 6 chance if searching); find concealed doors (1 in 6 chance in passing, 3 in 6 chance if searching); infravision (60').
Languages: Common, elvish, gnoll, gnome, goblin, halfling, hobgoblin, and orcish.

Racial Preferences

Dwf	Elf	Gno	H-E	Hfg	H-O	Hum
A	P	T	G	T	A	N

Equipment

Magic Items: *Longsword +1/+4 vs. reptiles; potion of extra-healing; wand of illusion* (22 charges); *scroll of protection from fire.*
Normal Equipment: Robes and turban, dagger, long bow & 20 arrows (in wagon).

Spell Books

Level 1 Spells *(Memorize 4)*

Comprehend Languages	*Read Magic*
Feather Fall	*Sleep*
Mount	*Ventriloquism*

Level 2 Spells *(Memorize 2)*

Levitate *Strength*
Pyrotechnics

Level 3 Spells *(Memorize 1)*

Fly *Slow*

XP: 34,000/34,000 **Gold:** 3 gp, 16 cp

Oh, the stories you could tell — and do tell, avidly and often. Any dirt, no matter how low and despicable, is fair game for passing along. You pride yourself on your tale-weaving ability, and take great pains to make certain every story you tell is the absolute, unexpurgated truth . . . with perhaps just a little creative embellishment.

Unfortunately, you are currently dozens of miles from home in the middle of a desert, far from an adequate setting for lively reporting. Your sister somehow convinced you that this would be a fun expedition, but thus far it has consisted primarily of sand, scorpions, and camels, camels, camels. You hate camels.

Still, the group you're travelling with does contain some interesting prospects. You've never met any of them (except your sister) before, but that has hardly proved an obstacle in the past.

TATTIEBOGLE SPAULDROCKY, the fighter/thief driving the wagon, is known to you by reputation only. Your sources filled you in on the rumors about him before you left. It seems there was an incident in the Sacred Grove of the sylvan druids some days earlier involving the death of the druids' messenger, a brownnose squirrel. Though the druids have no knowledge of the perpetrator, rumor has it that Spauldrocky's primary reason for taking this desert job was to get away from the druids before any evidence implicated him in the crime. Still, you have no proof, only rumors. Besides, he's kind of cute. Skinny, but cute.

ARGLEBARGLE COLLIESHANGLE, the magic-user/cleric, is your younger sister. You would never do anything to harm her, and you will brook no insults toward her. Still, you've never gotten used to her complaining, and do wish she'd keep some of her more vitriolic tirades to herself.

BARLEYBROO BARLEYBREAK, the druid, is a has some blank spots in his memory. He seems completely unaware that his driver may have been the one who murdered his prize squirrel. His amnesia is difficult to abide, but he retains much of his good looks at age 400, so he shouldn't be written off any too quickly.

BLETHERATION BUFFLEHEAD, the fighter/thief with bard aspirations, is a cute kid who barely betrays his half-human parentage. He likes you, however, so you pat him on the head and use him to run errands and play general hatchet man for you.

FRANCO, the cleric, is the only non-elf in the party. Fact is, he's a camel. A TALKING camel. Only thing worse than a smelly old camel is a smelly old camel who can't keep his trap shut. And this one's a real peach in that regard. He's a pompous egotist who thinks he's superior to anything without a built-in water conservation system.

Spell Books

Level 1 Spells *(Memorize 4)*

Burning Hands *Magic Missile*
Detect Magic *Read Magic*
Grease *Taunt*

Level 2 Spells *(Memorize 2)*

Detect Invisibility *Whip*
Flaming Sphere

Level 3 Spells *(Memorize 1)*

Fireball *Lightning Bolt*

XP: 34,000/34,000 **Gold:** 6 gp, 1 pp

And why not camels? They may smell bad, but they've got a bit of spirit in them. It's sometimes difficult to explain to others exactly why you entered the priesthood of Camelopardus, Camel Lord of the Burning Desert. Then again, it's often difficult to explain it to yourself. Regardless, you are a member of the faithful, and you are committed to seeing this mission through, no matter what it takes.

And it may take a lot. You're a born debater, taking the other side of any question and arguing it for all you're worth. And you never hesitate to complain when something irritates you, such as your companions, the weather, and anything else that enters your mind.

TATTIEBOGLE SPAULDROCKY, the fighter/thief who drives the wagon, is just as argumentative as you are. He talks a lot, but he is clearly scared of something, though you're not sure what. Still, there might be some interesting prospects here. He's not bad-looking, although you could name a few flaws, like his ridiculously thin body, and his left ear not being as fine-pointed as his right, and . . . .

CLISHMACLAVER COLLIESHANGLE, the magic-user/fighter, is your older sister. She doesn't seem to like the mission you've coaxed her to take, so you feel you should do your best to make it more enjoyable for her.

BARLEYBROO BARLEYBREAK, the druid, is really a strange case. Nobody asked him to come along, but when he barged into the elders' chamber and volunteered to join the pilgrimage, well, how could they refuse? And then, the first day out, he crawled out of the wagon and wondered where he was. He claimed you had kidnapped him! Well, nobody says you have to put up with him gracefully. The elders aren't here now.

BLETHERATION BUFFLEHEAD, the bard-to-be, is just a kid (and a half-human one at that), but that doesn't excuse his stupidity. The lad's a real dunderhead, through and through.

FRANCO, the cleric, isn't a valley elf like the rest of this party. He's a camel, but just because you've learned to like camels doesn't mean you like this one. The one virtue of most camels is that they don't say much. This one does though, and how! He parades around like he's some holy messenger or something, which you suppose he is. You've heard that Camelopardus sometimes rewards exceptional service on the part of his clerics by turning them into a more suitable form. Perhaps he does know more than you. You don't suppose Camelopardus will consider this pilgrimage to be exceptional service, do you?

What a revolting situation this is! Here you go and squish some mangy squirrel for stew, and then somebody tells you that it wasn't no ordinary mangy squirrel — oh no, it was the local elven druids' SACRED mangy squirrel. Get out of town, the instinct says, so you stumble into this job ferrying gypsies and camels to some shrine in the middle of the desert. Great so far, except that this crazy druid barges in and volunteers to come along. Does he know? You hope not.

And if that weren't bad enough, this little pilgrimage has turned out to be a real downer. Sandstorms, heatwaves, grumpy passengers — it's enough to make a skinny elf want to . . . well, to complain. Fortunately, you're good at complaining.

This journey is nothing but misery, but you figure that if you successfully complete it, MAYBE, just maybe the clergy of this Camelopardus deity will give you sanctuary or something. Either that, or you can take up sunbathing as a career. Gads.

ARGLEBARGLE COLLIESHANGLE, the magic-user/cleric, is continually mouthing off about how bad this trip is, and if there's one thing you hate, it's a complainer. Well, most complainers, anyhow. Still, this elven gypsy's rather beautiful, even if she is as sour as a grapefruit.

CLISHMACLAVER COLLIESHANGLE, the magic-user/fighter, is the feisty one's sister, and she's not half bad-looking either. But big mouths must run in her family. This one thinks she's a storyteller. She's taller, though not as tall as you, and she looks as though she could arm wrestle you to the floor. You hope she doesn't start telling stories about squirrels and little forest animals; somehow the subject makes you jittery.

BARLEYBROO BARLEYBREAK, the druid, scares the living daylights out of you. Who knows what this character has in mind? Luckily, he seems to suffer from memory lapses, and you wouldn't mind if his memory stayed lapsed. But what if he's only pretending, hoping to catch you off guard?

BLETHERATION BUFFLEHEAD, the half-elven pre-bard, is a few gallons short of full, but he's an okay kid. He seems to like listening to you talk, and you appreciate that. He looks like he could be used for quite a few purposes.

FRANCO is a cleric. And (get this), he's a camel. A TALKING camel. And hoo boy, does he talk. Trouble is, he keeps getting the upper hand, like he's a better conversationalist or something. You're not sure what to make of this beast, other than that he smells something horrible.

Barleybroo Barleybreak

8th Level Male Valley Elf Druid

Ability Scores

STR:	14	*+20#wt, Drs 1-2, BB-LG 7%*
INT:	14	*+4 languages,*
WIS:	15	*+1 ST bonus*
DEX:	8	
CON:	16	*+2 hp/die, SS 95, RES 96*
CHA:	15	*+15% reactions, 7 henchmen/+15% loyalty*

Description

Age: 400
Height: 4′ 11″
Weight: 110 pounds
Hair/Eyes: silver/amber
Alignment: Neutral

Combat Data

THAC0: 16
AC normal: 8
AC rear: 8
Armor type: leather
Hit Points: 47

Weapon Proficiencies: 3 (scimitar, dagger, spear).
NPP: -4

Saving Throws

Poison, paralysis, death	7
Petrification, polymorph	10
Rod, staff, wand	11
Breath weapon	13
Spell*	12

**Add +1 bonus for mental attacks*

Racial & Professional Skills

Attacks: 1/round
Spells/day: 5 4 3 2 -
Special Abilities: +1 "to hit" with bow or sword; 90% resistant to *sleep* and *charm*; find secret doors (1 in 6 chance in passing, 2 in 6 chance if searching); find concealed doors (1 in 6 chance in passing, 3 in 6 chance if searching); infravision (60′); shapechange 3 times daily into reptile, mammal, or bird (once each per day); identify plants; identify animals; identify pure water; pass through overgrown areas without trace; +2 to saving throws vs. fire and lightning.
Languages: Common, elvish, gnoll, gnome, goblin, halfling, hobgoblin, and orcish.

Racial Preferences

Dwf	Elf	Gno	H-E	Hfg	H-O	Hum
A	P	T	G	T	A	N

Equipment

Magic Items: *Scimitar of speed +1*; *oil of fiery burning*; *potion of extra-healing*; *dust of sneezing and choking* (3 pinches); *decanter of endless brandy.*
Normal Equipment: Robes and turban, dried mistletoe (borrowed), belt pouch, divining rod (in wagon).

XP: 68,000 **Gold:** 14 gp, 10 sp

Bletheration Bufflehead

Male Half-Valley Elf Fighter/Thief (5/6)

Ability Scores

STR:	11	*Drs 1-2, BB-LG 2%*
INT:	6	
WIS:	8	
DEX:	9	
CON:	12	*SS 80, RES 85*
CHA:	10	*4 henchmen*

Description

Age: 25
Height: 5′ 7″
Weight: 135 pounds
Hair/Eyes: red/violet
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Combat Data

THAC0 (as fighter): 16
THAC0 (as thief): 19
AC normal: 7
AC rear: 7
Armor type: *leather +1*
Hit Points: 34

Weapon Proficiencies (Fighter): 5 (longsword, spear, crossbow, mace, halberd).
NPP: -2.
Weapon Proficiencies (Thief): 3 (club, dagger, dart).
NPP: -3.

Saving Throws

Poison, paralysis, death	11
Petrification, polymorph	11
Rod, staff, wand	12
Breath weapon	13
Spell	13

Racial & Professional Skills

Attacks: 1/round
Special Abilities: 30% resistant to *sleep* and *charm*; find secret doors (1 in 6 chance in passing, 2 in 6 chance if searching); find concealed doors (1 in 6 chance in passing, 3 in 6 chance if searching); infravision (60′).
Languages: Common, elvish, gnoll, gnome, goblin, halfling, hobgoblin.

Thieving Skills

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	HN	CW	RL
45	32	35	32	37	25	92	45

Racial Preferences

Dwf	Elf	Gno	H-E	Hfg	H-O	Hum
A	P	T	G	T	A	N

Equipment

Magic Items: *Stone of good luck*; *ring of feather falling*; *potion of invisibility* (4 doses).
Normal Equipment: Robes & turban, longsword, 2 daggers, bagpipes (in wagon), thieving tools.

XP: 34,000/34,000 **Gold:** 10 sp

Franco

7th Level Male Camel Cleric

MOVE: 21″
HIT DICE: 7
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1 bite or kick
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1-4 or 2-12
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spitting and spell use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
INTELLIGENCE: Very
SIZE: Large
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Description

Age: 20
Height: 10′ at shoulder
Weight: 1100 pounds
Hair/Eyes: tan/brown
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Combat Data

THAC0: 13
AC normal: 7
AC rear: 7
Armor type: thick hide
Hit Points: 41

Weapon Proficiencies: None.

Saving Throws

Poison, paralysis, death	7
Petrification, polymorph	10
Rod, staff, wand	11
Breath weapon	13
Spell*	12

**Add +3 bonus vs. mental attacks*

Racial & Professional Skills

Attacks: 1/round
Spells/day: 5 5 3 1 -
Special Abilities: Bite for 1-4, kick for 2-12, spit to blind for 1-3 rounds (50% chance).
Languages: Camel (and related animals), Common.

Undead Turning Table

Skeleton	D	Mummy	10
Zombie	D	Spectre	13
Ghoul	D	Vampire	16
Shadow	T	Ghost	20
Wight	T	Lich	—
Ghast	4	Special	—
Wraith	7		

Racial Preferences

Bipeds	Camels
T	T

Equipment

Magic Items: *Ring of shocking grasp* (through nose, does 7-14 additional points of damage on bite).
Normal Equipment: Pack.

XP: 68,000 **Gold:** None

Life has been good to you, as has Camelopardus, your deity. For your extraordinary service in his clergy, he has granted you the ultimate gift — he has reshaped your body in his own image. Once you were a valley elf, like the others in this group. But now that your deity has seen fit to bestow upon you a more suitable form, the problems you once had with hunger and thirst in the

desert are gone. You are comfortable in the desert heat, and you can travel for weeks between oases without water. Your god is wise, indeed, and you are happy and grateful that you are no longer a two-leg.

Still, the life of a talking camel is an arduous one. On one hand, you've got these stupid ordinary camels who are just dumb enough to get shackled to a gypsy wagon and just ornery enough to deserve it. On the other hand, you've got a bunch of argumentative two-legs who don't know deserts from desserts and don't seem to like either. But you've been charged to lead them to the holy shrine of Camelopardus, and you don't intend to shirk your duty.

The mission is a great one, and you are honored to be trusted with it. No one, no matter how many legs he has, will deter you from the completion of the mission. The elves can complain all they want, but you intend to make sure that at least one of them still has the opposable thumbs to carry the sacred Camel's Nose to the shrine at the journey's end. If this means abiding with their bellyaching, so be it. Your faith keeps you well above their petty level.

TATTIEBOGLE SPAULDROCKY, the fighter/thief who drives the wagon, is beneath contempt. He is pencil thin and lightweight both in body and in mind. He complains constantly about the heat, the camels, his love life, and anything else that crosses his path.

ARGLEBARGLE COLLIESHANGLE, the magic-user/cleric, is almost as contemptible as Spauldrocky. No matter what anyone tells her, she can be counted upon to disagree vehemently. She clearly does this to aggravate others, and you will have no part of it.

CLISHMACLAVER COLLIESHANGLE, the magic-user/fighter, gossips as much as her sister argues. She can't seem to keep her mouth sealed, and is constantly finding new things about the other members of the party (excluding her sister) to harp on. This one especially dislikes you, and you are happy to make the feeling mutual.

BARLEYBROO BARLEYBREAK, the druid, can't seem to find his way out of the wagon in the morning. He is raucously loud and just plain foolish when he has a memory lapse, which he does at least once a day. Still, he is better off crazy, for in his normal state he can be more argumentative than Arglebargle. You like him best when he is unconscious.

BLETHERATION BUFFLEHEAD, the bard-in-training, is the only likable person in this group. Sure, he's running on less than half a hump, but his lack of cleverness doesn't stop him from being nice to you. You like him very much, and you even encourage him to play his bagpipes, a soothing sound if you ever heard one.

ABLE, BAKER, CHARLEY, and NIKITA are ordinary camels, and more boring conversation you won't find anywhere. Nikita is especially ill-tempered; watch him.

Billy Joe always said you could do whatever you put your mind to, yes he did. Course, he's gone now, gone to the great camel roundup in the sky. But he was right, yes, you can be anything you want. And someday soon (REAL soon, yes yes), you're going to be a bard. And you've got your own set of bagpipes to prove it, yes yes.

You can play those bagpipes real well. Course, sometimes folks ask you to stop, but that's probably just because they want to wait and hear more later. You like to play bagpipes, yes.

Billy Joe said it would be good for you to join the church of Camelo . . . Camelo . . . well, something or other. You have trouble remembering things sometimes, like what notes to play on your bagpipes, but you usually just don't pay it no nevermind and play whatever comes into your head. Billy Joe said that was the mark of a genius, being able to just play what's in your mind. Anyways, the church said it might be good for you to join the valley elves on this real important mission, because it was real important, and important besides. You greet this mission with your usual happy smile, because it's real important.

TATTIEBOGLE SPAULDROCKY, the fighter/thief who drives the wagon, is a nice man. 'Course, he talks a lot about things you don't really understand, but you do your best to listen. He told you once never to mention something. Now let's see, what was it . . . Squirrels! That's it! You try your best not to mention it.

ARGLEBARGLE COLLIESHANGLE, the magic-user/cleric, often calls you bad things, and you don't like that. But Billy Joe always said you had to be nice to people even if they weren't nice to you, so you try not to get angry. Still, you wish she would stop. She calls a lot of people bad things, and you don't like that either.

CLISHMACLAVER COLLIESHANGLE, the magic-user/fighter, is nicer than her sister. She often pats you on the head and asks you to do things for her, and you're always happy to do them because she's so nice. She tells you a lot of things you don't understand too, but you like her anyways, yes yes.

BARLEYBROO BARLEYBREAK, the druid, acts funny a lot of the time. He talks kinda weird, and forgets who you are. Anyways, he smiles a lot, so you like him.

FRANCO, the cleric, isn't like other camels, no, no. He TALKS. That's neat. You like Franco a lot, and you always rush for your bagpipes when he asks to hear a tune. He gives you a lot of good advice when you need it, and you try to help him out whenever you can, yes yes.

You don't know what you're doing here. The last thing you remember before this was playing mumbledypeg with a green dragon. When you woke up you found yourself in a covered wagon in the middle of the desert with some elven gypsies, a sacred marble nose, and a talking camel. This had to be one of the worst nightmares you had ever experienced. You went back to sleep and hoped it would all be better in the morning.

It wasn't. It was still desert, still gypsies, still camel. At first you thought you might have been kidnapped; after all, gypsies have a reputation for that. But you managed to piece together that gypsies and the camel are bringing the statue of the nose to a shrine in the middle of the desert, that you volunteered to come along, and that there is no fast way back. Situation normal. It's been like this ever since your favorite squirrel messenger was murdered by some adventurer a couple of weeks ago. If only you could get your hands on that heartless killer! Poor Bucky.

Since that incident, you've been having memory lapses. People tell you that you become rowdy and insolent, and that you tend to use your spells when it seems logical to you, which unfortunately seems not to please anyone. But you remember none of this, and spend much of your time trying to extricate yourself from situations like this. Memory lapses come upon you frequently, usually about once a day.

TATTIEBOGLE SPAULDROCKY, the fighter/thief driving the wagon, complains a lot. He complains about the desert, the camels, and the crazy druids. He looks slightly familiar, but you can't place where you've seen him.

ARGLEBARGLE COLLIESHANGLE, the magic-user/cleric, doesn't seem to think much of you. Perhaps it's because you keep falling asleep in front of her. She complains as much as the driver, but whereas his comments seem to be directed at no one in particular, Arglebargle doesn't mind aiming them at the source of her resentment. Good for her.

CLISHMACLAVER COLLIESHANGLE, the magic-user/fighter, is certainly loquacious. Whereas her sister is argumentative, this one just gossips. You're always willing to listen to new gossip, especially about people you don't know.

BLETHERATION BUFFLEHEAD, the young bard-in-training, seems fascinated with you, but you can't for the life of you figure out why. Then again, you're having trouble figuring out much of anything. Still, he seems like a nice enough chap. If only he'd stop playing those noisy bagpipes! They make your head hurt.

FRANCO, the cleric, is a talking camel. This perplexes you no end. Still, you are a priest of nature and all that, so it is your duty to find out more about this creature and preserve the balance, etc., etc. Maybe in the morning.

walk in ahead of him, then follows Franco inside. Franco, of course, may not have the money to pay admission, and Rash generously offers to pay his way.

Once Franco's admission is paid, the gatekeeper, Smiley Nosecone, lights up in excitement. A three-piece band begins to play, streamers drop from the ceiling, and Mutsuddy (the accountant in charge of the establishment) walks out with a bag containing 1,000 gold pieces. He announces that Franco is the 100,000th customer to enter the shopping center, and starts to tie the bag onto Franco's pack. Meanwhile, Rash is turning blue with hysteria.

If not restrained, Rash dives at the accountant and grabs the money. It does, of course, weigh more than he does, so he is left struggling to pick it up, screaming, "Didn't you see that stupid camel knock me over?!" (This may or may not be true.) He continues ranting about unfair business practices and threatens to file suit against the establishment. Security arrives to cart him away.

Smiley is very courteous after this event, scooping up the bag of gold and handing it to Franco, or to whomever Franco designates. He offers the services of a guide to help the characters spend their newfound wealth.

At this point, a different halfling steps out of the shadows and introduces himself as Norman Tabbermackle, Squire. Norman has a list of all the businesses inside CAMELS 'R US, and offers to guide the PCs through the establishment. If asked the whereabouts of the Shrine of Camelopardus, he looks perplexed for a moment, rifs through his list and says, "Aha! I knew it was somewhere. Come on, I'll show you where it is." He then leads the characters down the left corridor towards **A Little Vittles** and **The Camels' Roundup**, pointing out both of these businesses and stressing their virtues. He will continue to do this for all the shops the group passes.

Of course, the PCs are free to refuse Norman's services. Smiley and Norman will both be mildly displeased, but they will continue to smile. (The DM need not discourage this, because the strategically placed construction sites assure that the PCs will end up in the correct places.)

Norman Tabbermackle is a tallfellow halfling who has been employed by CAMELS OASIS for some time. He is still relatively young for one of his position (assistant manager); he is only 35. He knows the ins and outs of this shopping mall like the hair on his feet, although it has been quite some time since anyone has mentioned the Shrine of Camelopardus to him, and he had forgotten its location. He doesn't know that the Church of Camelopardus once owned this location, so he is unable to answer any questions about it. He is aware that the shopping center has been here for about fifty years, and that it has flourished greatly since its opening. He is quite excited about plans to build an upper level, as this is likely to mean a promotion to Floor Manager for him. These upper level plans are the cause of the construction occurring at various points in the shopping center, a point about which he is quite apologetic.

Smiley Nosecone serves as the gatekeeper for CAMELS OASIS, and sometimes as its bounder. He is 6′8″ tall, bald, and sports a handlebar mustache. He smiles often, and is very hospitable to customers.

Rash McPepper is a northern businesshalfling who is prone to quick emotional swings. He represents the Small Claims division of Tiny Grove Estates in North Littletown, and he is here to secure mineral rights to an area of land in the desert that is under dispute between the halflings and the current inhabitants, a group of Dervishes. Rash has 50 gp in a belt pouch, and he carries a concealed dagger.

Mutsuddy is the accountant for CAMELS OASIS. He wears a dull grey suit and generally fades into the background. On the rare occasions that Mutsuddy talks, he speaks in a monotone whisper.

Norman Tabbermackle: AL NG; T6; hp 42; AC -1; THAC0 19; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 9, STw 8.
Special Abilities: PP 70%; OL 62%; FT 50%; MS 77%; HS 67%; HN 25%; CW 87%; RL 25%; backstab for triple damage with surprise; +2 bonus "to hit" with missile weapons (17 dexterity); halfling abilities.
Equipment: *potion of invisibility*; *bracers of defense* (AC 2); *dagger +3*.

Rash McPepper: AL CN; HD 1 (0-level); hp 3; AC 10; THAC0 20; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 16, STw 15.
Special Abilities: halfling abilities.

Smiley Nosecone: AL NG; MV 12″; F8; hp 65; AC 9; THAC0 14; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 13, STw 12.
Special Abilities: Weapon specialization in mace; +1 "to hit" and +3 damage with melee weapon (18(12) strength).
Equipment: *mace +3*; *periapt of health*; *potion of superheroism*; dagger.

Security guards: 4; AL N; MV 12″; F2; hp 12 each; AC 8; THAC0 20; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 18, STw 17.
Equipment: Longsword; leather armor; dagger.

Mutsuddy: AL LN; MV 12″; HD 1 (0-level); hp 3; AC 10; THAC0 20; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 19, STw 18.

2. Ambush

Nine of Uncle Bedouin's employees are waiting in **Whacksworks** to ambush the PCs. Uncle Bedouin sent them here after Mergatroid reported sighting the characters at the entrance.

When the PCs reach point 2, all nine attackers stream out of the weapons shop, flailing their weapons and shouting loudly. The crowd scatters and Norman disappears (via his *potion of invisibility*). The ambushers melee for two rounds, and they try to pursue any fleeing characters.

On the third round after combat begins, the sound of whistles splits the air. The ambushers break in all directions except to the south, where the whistles are coming from. Also at this moment, Rosalita Slubberdegullion from **A Feast of Strumpets** appears at the east end of her shop and beckon to the PCs, saying, "oori, loovs, hits de coppers!" (translation: "Hurry my friends, it is the constabulary!"). She motions the characters into the shop.

One round later, Norman appears with sixteen security guards (see **Security** for details). If the characters are still there, Norman surveys the situation, excuses the security guards (unless there are any bodies to be carried off), and continues with the PCs along to Biff's, apologizing profusely.

If the characters go with Rosalita, she leads them into **A Feast of Strumpets** and slams the door. Almost immediately, there is frantic knocking on the door. Someone shouts, "Open up! Security!" This panics Rosalita further. She rushes through **A Feast of Strumpets** to the secret door on the other side. Once there, she knocks three times on the wall. The door opens into **Chinatown**. (If Franco goes through **Chinatown**, he breaks most, if not all, of the glass in the shop . . . but tell Franco this AFTER the characters reach the opposite side, where Rosalita knocks once again on the wall.) Once in **Elmo's Loose Juice**, the characters are on their own.

Rosalita Slubberdegullion is easily panicked, and she talks with a heavy Cockney accent. She wears a low-cut red dress and no shoes.

Henchmen: 9; AL N; MV 12″; F3; hp 17 each; AC 8; THAC0 18; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 16, STw 15.
Equipment: Leather armor; one each of the following weapons: halberd, battleaxe, glaive-guisarme, broadsword, two-handed sword, falchion sword, trident, horseman's pick, bastard sword.

3. Mergatroid Earns His Spurs

Round 1: Roll for surprise, adjusting as needed for PC precautions. When the PCs get near point 3, Mergatroid leaps from his hiding place on the ceiling of **Bug Off**, lands on Franco's back and drives his spurs into Franco's side. Franco must save vs. wand or lurch forward into the corridor towards **Uncle Bedouin's Used Camel Lot**. The PCs can recognize Mergatroid as the man who stole their camels. Norman will run for help if he is with the party.

Mergatroid's objective is to get Franco beyond the door to **Off the Wagon**, which will take him one round. Once he is there, two of Uncle Bedouin's henchmen will push a 7′ × 12′ wagon off of a ramp into the corridor, blocking it. Any character wishing to get past the wagon must save vs. paralyzation or suffer 2-8 points of damage from the collision. (A successful saving throw means that the character gets past the wagon without injury.) All other characters are stuck on the other side of the wagon.

Round 2: Franco regains control of himself and may try to throw Mergatroid off by stopping suddenly, by running under low-hanging doorways or palm branches, or by executing other rodeo-style maneuvers at the player's option. In any case, Mergatroid has a 25% chance to stay on; if he fails to do so he has a 25% chance to avoid damage when he sails through the air. If Franco does not stop or execute some other violent maneuver (such as bucking), Mergatroid stays on.

Meanwhile, the two henchmen from **Off the Wagon** and two more from **The Yoke's On Us** melee the characters still on the east side of the wagon. Four henchmen and Uncle Bedouin enter the

fray on the west side of the wagon. Uncle Bedouin casts *fascinate* on Franco to convince him to come along peacefully. If he is successful, he leaves through the door on Franco's back, taking all of his camels with him. If not, he casts *blindness* on Franco and tries to leave in *wraithform*.

It takes one full round to get past the wagon, and any character doing so may take no other actions that round.

On the tenth round of combat, Norman returns with sixteen security guards (see **Security** for details). Any bad guys not yet eliminated will try to escape; failing that, they give themselves up.

Uncle Bedouin is a gnomish fighter/illusionist. He is 2'10" tall, and he dresses in long desert robes and sunglasses.

Uncle Bedouin: AL CN, MV 12"; F5/I5; hp 29; AC 6 (leather), or 1 (*phantom armor*); THAC0 16; AT 1 weapon or spell; Dmg by weapon or spell; STs 9, STw 8.

Special Abilities: +1 "to hit" with missile weapons (16 dexterity); gnome abilities.

Equipment: *Mace +2*; *ring of fire resistance*; *potion of speed*; *scroll of protection from magical edged weapons.*

Spells Carried: *chromatic orb*; *wall of fog*; *color spray*; *phantom armor*; *blindness*; *fascinate*; *wraithform*

Henchmen: AL N; MV 12"; F3; hp 17 each; AC 8; THAC0 18; STs 16, STw 15.

Equipment: Leather armor; longsword; dagger

4. Anticlimax

When Norman arrives. He orders his security guards to clean up the remaining camel rustlers and apologizes profusely for any inconveniences the characters may have suffered. He offers a cash settlement of up to 1,000 gp. Then, remembering the characters' mission, he points out **Biff's Designer Cheese Emporium**. Apparently, says Norman, the shrine is in the basement.

Biff, the proprietor of the Cheese Emporium, lights up with joy when he sees potential customers entering. He falls all over the characters, fawning shamelessly in an attempt to sell several tons of designer cheeses. "Best buys," he says, "Sale prices!"

Biff describes the cheeses, which are carved into the shapes of clocks, wine bottles, camels, and so forth, in loving detail — almost as if they were his own kin and blood. His words are clouded with tears, and though he attempts to keep his posh cardigan sweater dry, he is a sopping, sobbing mess before too long. He is remarkably resistant to attempts to bypass his shop until a purchase is made. He then gladly shows the characters the stairs down to the Shrine.

Behind a partial wall of crates in the basement is the Shrine of Camelopardus. It is a drab room with no furniture. A plastic camel sits regally in an ashtray framed by a high window. The caretaker, 90-year old Hapless Umwhile, is pushing a broom and whistling the Marseillaise. He is a pleasant man in a grey workman's outfit. He has a kind (if vague) word for everyone, welcoming the PCs into the Shrine and offering them generous amounts of camomile tea. Hapless is very devoted to Camelopardus (though he is unable to remember why), but is totally unaware that there is supposed to be a pilgrimage this century. When presented with the Camel's Nose, he thanks the PCs politely, then asks what it is. When told, he fervently promises to dust it twice a day.

Hapless has a locked cashbox hidden in the bottom of his tea canister. It contains the entire tithes collected from the faithful for the last thousand years — 40,000 gp worth of gems. He has forgotten that half of that amount is to be given to the pilgrims who bring the nose to the shrine, but he will remember and turn over the correct amount if asked about a reward.

So ends The Camel's Nose.

CAMELS OASIS Interior Details

CAMELS OASIS is a shopping center for desert travellers and natives. It is a one story marble building with no windows, but a second story is currently under construction. The exterior doors open only in the direction indicated by the arrow. They can be propped open. A neon sign on top of the building reads "CAMELS OASIS" in cursive script.

The interior of the building is lit by massive chandeliers embedded in the 25' high ceiling. The temperature indoors is kept year round within 20 degrees of 75°F due to the size of the building and the ability of marble to retain and repel heat. The floor is tiled wood.

The construction sites around the building are impassable due to exposed support girders and scaffolding. Any attempt to bypass these forcefully will fail, and is likely to result in serious injuries. However, magical means may succeed; the DM's judgement prevails.

CAMELS OASIS is composed of forty rent-paying businesses and four office areas. Note that these locations are not necessarily one each, although some of the smaller ones are. No detail maps maps are provided for individual shops; further design is up to the individual DM. All businesses and offices have a basement level containing extra stocks, files, etc. None of these lower level rooms are connected to any others.

All of the shops listed have locked cashboxes containing approximately 1,000 gp for operating cash. All shopkeepers are armed with daggers, and there is an alarm bell to summon security within easy reach in each shop. None of the 0-level shopkeepers are proficient with any weapon. Unless otherwise stated, statistics for all shopkeepers and employees are as follows:

Shopkeeper: MV 12"; HD 1 (0-level); hp 2; AC 10; THAC0 20*; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 19, STw 18.

The businesses and offices of CAMELS OASIS are detailed below in alphabetical order. The Dungeon Master should be familiar with each establishment's proprietors, style of business, and in some cases, state of business (especially **The Perfect Mix, Dromedary Draughts,** and **Biff's Designer Cheese Emporium).**

Atlas Yawned

Cento Mercator runs this one-room cartographer's store. He is a quiet old human who talks in a low monotone. He has maps of all areas of the world, including this desert, but paradoxically, he does not have any maps of the shopping center. Maps are 20-20,000 gp each, scrolls and cases can be purchased for 150% of book value.

Biff's Designer Cheese Emporium

Biff sells cheese made to order in a thousand shapes. Business has approached zero lately, so he wishes to dispose of much old inventory. Biff is a short human with a casual attitude. He wears a cardigan sweater and uses the words "like," and "y'know" a great deal. Prices are rock bottom; Biff will take anything he can get. The Shrine of Camelopardus (see **incident 4**) is in the basement.

The Boxer

Caisson Hanaper is an ex-prize-fighter currently engaged in hawking crates and boxes. He sells containers of all sizes and materials. Caisson is a burly human about 6'2" tall, who wears a tight business suit. Caisson sweats profusely and hesitates often when speaking. His prices are all inflated to 30% more than book value.

Caisson Hanaper: AL N; MV 12"; F2; hp 26; AC 10; THAC0 20; AT 1 weapon or fist; Dmg by weapon or unarmed combat; STs 18, STw 17.

Special Attacks: Pummels in combat.

Bug Off

Aurelia Pismire manages this insect protection shop. She sells various sprays for 5-50 gp each, plus tarps, netting, homemade concoctions, and insect traps. Aurelia is a squat human woman with big bulging eyes, and her voice is a high trill. She and Mergatroid are good friends, which is why Mergatroid chooses to lie in wait here before jumping on Franco.

Dromedary Draughts

Dorothy Camel is running a "going out of business sale" on all potions. (This is because her husband died in an alchemical explosion of great force at **The Perfect Mix**.) Accordingly, she is selling potions for 20-80% of book value. All she has left, however, are the following *potions*: *fire breath*, *elixir of health*, *fire resistance*, *plant control*, *sweet water*, *rainbow hues*, and *oil of acid resistance*. She is a sweet old woman. Anyone taking advantage of her has to be a true cad.

The Camel's Roundup

This camel stop is the most popular diner in all the desert. At mealtimes, there are always long lines waiting for a table, and there are no reservations. Today's special is roast camel with all the trimmings and much to drink for 10 gp per person. There are several dozen NPCs here, including the owner, Toots Rathskeller, and the bouncer, Thumper Cadwaller. Toots and Thumper are a husband

welcome to
CAMEL'S OASIS
SHOPPING CENTER
BIFF'S
UNCLE BEDOUIN'S USED CAMEL LOT
OFF THE WAGON
BUG OFF
THE TURBIN SPINS
LEATHERS OF CREDIT
THE PROTECTION CONNECTION
3
WE'LL FIX YOUR WAGON
THE DRIVER'S SEAT
THE YOKE'S ON US
ELMO'S LOOSE JUICE
SMITHEREENS
THE SPIRIT WORLD
CHINATOWN
KITTY KORNER
CONSTR.
PEACHES & HERBS
SECOND HAND ROSES
IT MAKES A THIEF
ROBE TRICKS
A FEAST OF STRUMPETS
CONSTR.
HIDEAWAY
TAKE A BOW
ICEHOUSE
PETITE PETS
THE PERFECT MIX
ON THE ROCKS
LOVE MY TINDER
DROMEDARY DRAUGHTS
FEET OF MAGIC
WHACKS WORKS
2
THE BOXER
A NOVEL EXPERIENCE
THE CAMEL'S ROUNDUP RESTAURANT
PRESENT TENTS
ATLAS YAWNED
FAST QUILL & TESTIMENT
INTEGRAL COMPONENTS
SECURITY
CONSTR.
THE WATERING HOLE
A LITTLE VITTLES
OFFICE
COMPLAINTS
EXECUTIVE OFFICES
1

and wife team of halflings. Toots dresses in a black tuxedo and speaks in a high squeaky voice. Thumper wears a tight white tuxedo and speaks in a gruff, raspy voice. Toots is very courteous to his patrons, frequently checking on their reactions to the food, but Thumper tends to stay more aloof from the customers. When she does talk, however, she refers to herself as a "host," not as a bouncer.

Thumper Cadwaller: AL N, MV 12″; F5; hp 38, AC 10, THAC0 16, AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 10, STw 9.
Equipment: *girdle of storm giant strength* (halfling-sized).

Chinatown

Luigi Frangibles's china shop is a truly splendiferous sight. All the pieces on display are of exceptional craftsmanship, and they sell for 10-50 gp each. Unfortunately, the pieces are positioned very close together, and any large creature rushing through here is certain to destroy them all. Luigi is a short, pudgy, emotional human who moans a lot.

Complaints

Cavil Crabcake, a thin albino human in a dismal grey robe takes most of the complaints about the shopping center here. He also complains a lot himself.

The Driver's Seat

Patrons can secure experienced camel drivers here, but the prices are high. Mergatroid runs this shop, and two of Uncle Bedouin's henchmen assist him. (See **Encounter 2** for details.)

Elmo's Loose Juice

Elmo Rumbum's tavern is popular among those crossing the desert. Elmo has some very good and some very bad (but cheap) alcoholic beverages for sale. The prices of his wares are inflated as much as 3000% over book price, depending on the quality. Elmo is a quiet human who rarely says anything except "Coming right up!" and "No more for you, bub!" and "Huh?" to anyone he encounters. He is assisted by two of his daughters, Buffy and Muffy.

Elmo Rumbum: AL N, MV 12″; F6; hp 25; THAC0 16; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 14, STw 13.
Equipment: mace; dagger; leather armor.

Entrance Office

Smiley Nosecone and his accountant Mutsuddy work here (see **Encounter 1** for details. At the start of the adventure there is 10,000 gp cash stored in a locked cash box in a locked desk drawer. Both Smiley and Mutsuddy have keys.

Executive Offices

This entire operation is run by Dewen Alcalde. She has run CAMELS 'R US for seven years, and she is considered by both her employees and her bosses (who are not here) to be an excellent manager. She is a confident human woman who is not without a compassionate ear. She handles problems swiftly and decisively, always keeping the interests of her customers in mind. She is young for her position, and prefers her employees to be young as well, though not inexperienced. She does not chastise her employees unless they have committed some grave offense. One must push through five secretaries to see Dewan.

Dewan Alcalde: AL NG; MV 12″; MU12; hp 35; AC 3; THAC0 16; AT 1 weapon or spell; Dmg by weapon or spell; STs 8, STw 7.
Equipment: *staff of power* (22 charges); *wand of fear* (42 charges); *ring of spell turning*; *cube of force* (12 charges); *dust of appearance* (7 applications); 2 *potions of extra healing*; *periapt of proof against poison +3*; *dagger +2*; *bracers of defense* (AC 3).
Spells Carried: *clean*; *exterminate*; *dry*; *freshen*; *alarm*; *comprehend languages*; *read magic*; *knock*; *locate object*; *detect invisibility*; *bind*; *tongues*; *dispel magic*; *detect illusion*; *cloudburst*; *Rary's mnemonic enhancer*; *dispel illusion*; *wizard eye*; *ultravision*; *passwall*; *wall of stone*; *telekinesis*; *fabricate*; *transmute dust to water*

Fast Quill and Testaments

Ezra Scrivano, the scribe, writes very quickly. He also talks quite rapidly. He is a lanky human of late middle age, and he gets quite crotchety if people ask him to slow down. Calligraphy at high rates, quills, scrolls, and inks are available here at 150% of book value.

A Feast of Strumpets

Four women (including Rosalita Slubberdegullion) and two men work here under Mistress Overdrive, an overweight, overcosmetized woman who talks in a husky voice. Prices are high.

Feet of Magic

This shoe store is run by Gillie Beavertop, an enthusiastic elf who goes far out of her way to make customers happy. She is an expert cobbler and knows all there is to know about shoes. She is small for an elf, and she says "Golly!" often. Footwear of all kinds is available at 150% of book value. Despite the name of the shop, no magic is present except for Gillie's cantrips.

Gillie Beavertop: AL NG; MV 12″; MU1; hp 4; THAC0 20*; AT 1 weapon or spell; Dmg by weapon or spell; STs 12, STw 11.
Special Abilities: elf abilities.
Spells Carried: *clean*; *polish*; *shine*; *tie*

Hideaway

Buff Skiver runs this leather armor shop. Leather and studded leather armor are available here at 150% of book prices. Buff is a thin human in a black leather jerkin and dark glasses. He smokes a pipe which he keeps rolled up in the sleeve of his jerkin when not in use. Buff is "cool."

Icehouse

Bezil Intaglio the jeweller is a paper-thin, bug-eyed human who is constantly fidgeting. He speaks in a terrified stutter, but he will not lower his prices because of intimidation due to his bodyguard, Huscarl Burkundaz. Huscarl is an 8′5″ tall human fighter who speaks in a thundering whisper. Jewelry goes for 10-7000 gp per piece, and is worth 75% of its purchase price for resale.

Huscarl Burkundaz: AL N; MV 12″; F4; hp 32; THAC0 18; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 16, STw 15.
Special Abilities: +2 "to hit" and +5 damage bonus with melee weapons (18(99) strength).
Equipment: Falchion; leather armor.

Integral Components

Madame Pilwiz has all manner of material components and doodads here, though she sells no actual magic items. She does not list or even keep track of her prices. Instead, she makes up a price at random whenever asked, even if asked twice about the same item. Madame Pilwiz is an old crone (human) with a cryptic sense of humor. She is prone to offering strange predictions about her customers' futures. ("Soon a man will come into your life. He will bring breadfruit.") Some strange doodads for sale make noise, while others stick their tongues out at you when a button is pressed.

Madame Pilwiz: AL CN; MV 12″; MU3; hp 11; THAC0 20*, AT 1 weapon or spell; Dmg by weapon or spell; STs 12, STw 11.
Equipment: *wand of wonder* (39 charges)
Spells Carried: *belch*; *tweak*; *gnats*; *palm*; *grease*; *Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter*

It Makes a Thief

At first glance, it appears that the store is unoccupied. The following round, Ackman Ladrone steps out of the shadows and says "Boo!" in a high screech. He then begins chortling, a sound which continues throughout any dealings he has with customers. He sells thieves' tools at triple the normal cost. Other items of value to thieves sell for double the normal cost. No poisons or magic are sold here. Ackman is a human with an infectious grin, and he always wears a leather jerkin.

Ackman Ladrone: AL N; MV 12″; T2; hp 11; AC 8; THAC0 20*; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 15, STw 14.
Equipment: *Potion of ventriloquism*; dagger.

Kitty Korner

Due to construction, this shop is closed.

Leathers of Credit

Leathers of Credit does work on rawhide, but no armor is sold there. It is owned by Cordwainer Bateman, a fat human with a

penchant for playing with knives, awls, and other sharp objects. He is somewhat paranoid about shoplifters, though he actually has few goods on display. He usually attempts to fake a gritty, evil bass voice — which is inevitably a falsetto quaver that reeks of weakness.

A Little Vittles

This is a bustling supermarket. It is not a farmer's market, but rather a mart with shelves stacked full of all kinds of food. Dozens of people are crowding in here to buy provisions. There is one lone checker, Alma Waterloo, who is probably the fastest elf anyone has ever seen. She can carry on three or four conversations at once while counting, pricing, and bagging groceries for half a dozen customers at once. She talks very quickly. She is only 120 years old.

Alma Waterloo: AL CG; MV 12″; T-Acrobat 7; hp 32; AC 5, THAC0 19, STs 13, STw 12, no armor or weapons.

Special Abilities: elf abilities; +5 "to hit" with missile weapons (19 dexterity); +1 "to hit" with melee weapons (16 strength); PP 85%; OL 67%; FT 60%; MS 85%; HS 73%; HN 35%; CW 94%; RL 35%; tightrope walk 115%; pole vault 13½′; high jump 5¼′; standing broad jump 6′; running broad jump 10′; tumbling attack 13%; tumbling evasion 32%; tumbling falling (25′) 50%.

Love My Tinder

Salvo Scintilla denies being a pyromaniac to anyone "who incinerates, er, insinuates otherwise." Still, he does like to watch the pretty flame dance — it's so soothing. When customers enter, Salvo is blowing flames from his mouth. While he's not so good at this, he is a good carpenter; he has had lots of practice at rebuilding things. The shop is one huge fire hazard. Tinderboxes, oil, firecrackers, torches, and similar equipment are available for 150% of book value, and these wares are all packed together on the shelves in an extremely dangerous manner. Salvo doesn't worry about fire hazards though. He is a boyish-looking human, probably because he has no eyebrows or eyelashes.

Salvo: AL CN; MV 12″; MU 4; hp 13; AC 10; THAC0 20*; AT 1 weapon or spell; Dmg by weapon or spell; STs 12, STw 11.

Equipment: *ring of fire resistance*; *potion of fire breath*; dagger.

Spells Carried: *firefinger*; *smokepuff*; *warm*; *exterminate*; *burning hands*; *firewater*; *pyrotechnics*; *flaming sphere*

A Novel Experience

Opus Libretto's bookstore sells books and magazines of all types. Prices range from 1-20 gp, and the latest issue of Camel and Driver costs 2 gp. The ADVANCED CAMELS AND CARAVANS™ Game rule books cost 15 gp each, while the CAMELMEISTER'S GUIDE™ Book goes for 18 gp. Opus is the archetypal bookworm, with bugged-out eyes tucked behind thick hornrimmed spectacles. He is a boy genius, running his own business at the age of 15. He has a photographic memory and instant recall (IN 19), so in addition to being a speed reader, he can quote from any book in his shop at will (and at length).

Off the Wagon

Off the Wagon sells a complete line of wagons and carts. It is staffed by two of Uncle Bedouin's henchmen. (See **Encounter 2** for details.)

On the Rocks

Jasper Geniostat is a gnome gemcutter whose method of plying his trade is somewhat unorthodox. He sets the gem into an eggcup, attaches a mithril point to his nose and lunges into the gem, which never fails to split neatly. Jasper speaks in a deep icy voice, and is something of a worrier.

Jasper: AL LN; MV 12″; F1; hp 8; AC 10; THAC0 19; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 13, STw 12.

Special Abilities: gnome abilities.

Equipment: *eyes of minute seeing*; awl; dagger.

Peaches and Herbs

Starchild Flowerbeetle, the high elf that runs this produce shop, imports her fruits and vegetables from her sylvan homelands. Her produce is kept magically fresh, and it refreshes anyone who eats it. The effect is as if one has just taken a nice nap.

Starchild Flowerbeetle: AL N; MV 12″; MU4/D4; hp 16; AC 10; THAC0 18; AT 1 weapon or spell; Dmg by weapon or spell; STs 12, STw 11.

Special Abilities: elf abilities; identify plants; identify animals; identify pure water.

Spells Carried (Magic-user): *freshen*; *sprout*; *gather*; *clean*; *spice*; *sweeten*; *chill*; *flavor*; *precipitation*; *preserve*; *bind*;
Spells Carried (druid): *purify water*; *detect poison* (x2); *precipitation*; *detect magic*; *create water*; *goodberry* (x2); *plant growth*; *neutralize poison*

The Perfect Mix

The door of this shop has been blown off, and the area inside is filled with blackened rubble. Dwale Camel met with a fatal accident here a week ago when he mixed the wrong ingredients. His widow is described in **Dromedary Draughts.**

Petite Pets

Dawtie Canoodle, an obese human woman with a drawling accent, runs this pet shop. Dawtie specializes in desert animals, including geckos, tarantulas, rattlers, and so forth. She mollycoddles these beasts, which appear to have nothing but contempt for her (as much contempt as a gecko lizard can display, at least). Pets sell for 10-50 gp, or for 150% of book value.

Present Tents

Omar Kibitka sells tents and other shelter for 150% of book value. He is human, and he is the original suave sheik, often trying to charm female characters of appreciable comeliness. He promises such celestial objects as the moon or flaming comets while wooing the ladies. He sports an exotically trimmed mustache which sets off his tanned complexion (19 comeliness).

The Protection Connection

Byrnie Cataphract sells metal armor at 200% of book value. He has but one suit of ring mail sized for an elf. All other types must be altered to fit — a four hour process. Characters wearing unaltered armor move at a rate 3″ less than normal, and they must save vs. poison each round of combat or fall over. Byrnie is a short old human with a thick accent and a bushy white mustache. He smells of elderberries, but he is a pleasant man, always willing to assist his customers in any way he can.

Robe Tricks

Cymar Colobium sells robes as well as some other clothing at 150% of book price. Cymar is constantly fidgeting, in part due to his own nervousness and in part due to the *robe of vermin* he wears. The insects in the robe have long since stopped swarming, but every few seconds one takes a bit out of him. Thus, Cymar is a human who doesn't look like he gets much sleep. He tends to drone on and on in a monotone when he talks.

Cymar: AL N; MV 12″; MU 1; hp 4; AC 10; THAC0 20*; AT 1 weapon or spell; Dmg by weapon or spell; STs 12; STw 11.

Equipment: *robe of vermin*; dagger.

Spells Carried: None

Second Hand Roses

Dahlia Flowerbeetle keeps her goods fresh magically, just as her sister at **Peaches and Herbs** does. Flowers are 1-10 gp for out-of-town customers, or 1-10 sp for locals. (Multiply price each by ten for a dozen.) Younger and more practical than her sister, Dahlia wears a conservative grey business robe which contrasts with the colorful wares of her shop. She often speaks a dialect of common known as "business speak", which is fraught with phrases such as "increasing margin of value" and "additional impacts of networking the data flow." Obviously, she is often incomprehensible.

Dahlia Flowerbeetle: AL LN; MV 12″; MU 2; hp 7; AC 10; THAC0 20*; AT 1 weapon or spell; Dmg by weapon or spell; STs 12, STw 11.

Special Abilities: elf abilities.

Spells Carried: *sprout*; *freshen*; *dampen*; *exterminate*; *light*

Security

Twenty security guards are on duty in the mall at all times. They report directly to Smiley Nosecone.

Security guards: 20; AL N; MV 12″; F2; hp 12 each; AC 8; THAC0 20*; STs 18, STw 17.
Equipment: Longsword; leather armor; dagger.

Smithereens

Brookie Brontes, the blacksmith, has a forge and press in his shop. He does repairs on armor and weapons, as well as on other metal tackle necessary for wagons, etc. Brookie is a 5′8″ tall human, but he is very stocky and muscular. His voice is an even tenor, but he suffers from a slight lisp. He is slow to anger.

Brookie Brontes: AL LG; MV 12″; HD 1 (0-level); hp 4; AC 10; THAC0 20*; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 19, STw 18.
Special Abilities: +2 "to hit" and +4 damage bonus with melee weapons (18(78) strength).
Equipment: mallet (treat as club)

The Spirit World

Binge Whipcat sells alcohol. He also drinks it. After every bottle he sells, he toasts his success with a bottle for himself. This keeps his profit margin low, though he can't figure out why. His prices are a whopping 500% of book value. He is a red-nosed human tavern rat who somehow manages to pick himself up off the floor every time it encounters him.

Take a Bow

Clim Arco is a retired ranger now purveying archery goods. He is still in very good shape for a human of fifty years, though his hair is now stone grey. Clim is a strong, confident person who is unlikely to be moved to violence quickly. He has set ideas, however, about how the young should behave, and so he might show any young whippersnapper that gives him a hard time who's boss.

Clim Arco: AL NG; MV 12″; R8; hp 66; AC 2; THAC0 14; AT 1 weapon; Dmg by weapon; STs 13, STw 12.
Special Abilities: Weapon specialization in long bow; +1 "to hit" and +1 damage bonus with melee weapon (17 strength); +3 "to hit" with missile weapons (18 dexterity).
Equipment: *cloak of protection +4*; *long bow +1*; 8 *arrows +3*; 16 arrows, *short sword +1*; *boots of levitation*, dagger.

The Turban Spins

Dil Mandilmundil's main business is in turbans, but he sells other headgear at 150% of book value. Jewelled and embroidered hats and turbans cost more (200%-2000% of book value value). Dil is obviously a native of the desert, with olive skin and bushy eyebrows. He is a turban scholar, and can rattle on for hours about the history and evolution of the turban as a piece of headgear . . . and as an artform.

Uncle Bedouin's Used Camel Lot

The camel lot's inhabitants are described at various points through the text. The camels here are tied together and ready to be pulled out the back door at a moment's notice. The party's camels are amongst the group.

The Watering Hole

Sprudel Aquabib sells water for extremely exorbitant prices — when he can get them. The existence of clerics tends to cut the demand for his product. He always attempts to overcharge, however, in the hopes that some gullible chumps will overpay. A canteen of water runs as much as 10 gp. He is a gaunt, thin human in a black suit with a thin handlebar mustache. An evil laugh is his most memorable feature, as his face is bland and forgettable. Sprudel taps water from Cecil's lake, to which he has exclusive rights.

We'll Fix Your Wagon

This repair shop is staffed by two of Uncle Bedouin's henchmen. (See **Encounter 2** for details.)

Whacksworks

Dirk Spontoon, the owner of this weapons shop, is a human who sells bladed arms as well as blunt instruments of destruction. He is in the employ of Uncle Bedouin. Dirk is a spineless coward who is confident only when backed up by many henchmen. Not strong enough to pick up any weapon larger than a dagger, Dirk is easily intimidated.

The Yoke's on Us

This tack and harness shop is staffed by two of Uncle Bedouin's hirelings. (See **Encounter 2** for details.)

New Monsters

WHIRLING DERVISH

FREQUENCY: Rare
NO. APPEARING: 1
ARMOR CLASS: 5
MOVE: 18″ (9″ through sand)
HIT DICE: 5+5
% IN LAIR: Nil
TREASURE TYPE: Nil
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2-8
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Surprise on 1-5
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
INTELLIGENCE: Low
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
SIZE: S (4′ tall)
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
LEVEL/XP VALUE: IV/225 + 6/hp

The whirling dervish is a foul creature, which preys on small desert creatures — preferably defenseless ones. It moves through sand with a whirling motion, tunneling through the desert until it detects movement on the surface. Then it whirls out of the ground, causing a whirlwind of sand to spray 30′ in all directions, surprising anyone nearby on a 1-5. This blast of sand does no damage, but forces everyone caught in the area of effect to save vs. paralyzation or be incapacitated for one round due to stinging eyes.

Whirling dervishes are 4'-tall bipeds covered with fur. They have long teeth projecting out of their lower jaws, and their large eyes are always wide open above ground, but closed while tunneling through the sand.

LYCANTHROPE
Werecamel

FREQUENCY: Rare
NO. APPEARING: 1-4
ARMOR CLASS: 7
MOVE: 21″
HIT DICE: 6+6
% IN LAIR: 20%
TREASURE TYPE: B,S
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2-8
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spitting
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Hit only by silver or magic weapons
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
INTELLIGENCE: Average
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
SIZE: L
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
LEVEL/XP VALUE: V/475 + 8/hp

Werecamels are lycanthropes able to assume camel form. (For more general details on lycanthropy, see page 63 of the *Monster Manual*.) A werecamel can summon 1-4 camels, which arrive in 2-12 turns. In camel form, it can go for weeks in the desert without requiring water.

Werecamels can attack by biting, which may infect the victim with lycanthropy according to AD&D® Game specifications, or by spitting. This spit has a 30′ range. If a normal "to hit" roll is successful, the spittle has a 50% chance of blinding the victim for 2-8 rounds. There is no saving throw.

THE ECOLOGY OF TIAMAT™

THE DRAGON

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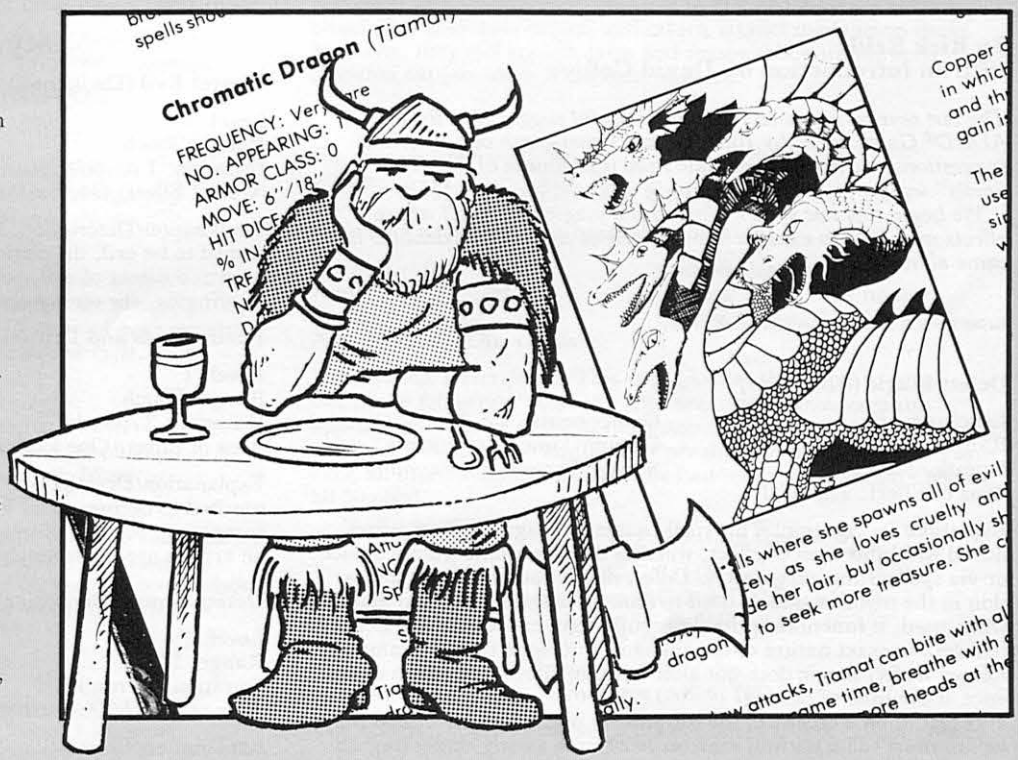
Why She Ain't So Tough

by Michael D. Selinker



"Yeah, I killed her," Feargall the All-Noxious bellowed between gulps of Bohemian Loose Juice. "Bunches o' times. Even got one parked outside."

"ONE?" expostulated Greenhorn the Dim. "You mean there's MORE than one chromatic dragon[1]?"

"Where you been, boy?" Feargall hooted. "Shoot, there's thousands. Every tinhorn fighter worth his plate's killed at least one. Ain't you?"

Greenhorn stammered, "Well . . . no, but . . . ."

"Ah, y'ain't lived, boy. Why, I knock off one a month, at least. Paladin[2] pal o' mine gets three, four a week prob'ly. Course, he cheats. One o' them *scrolls of protection from breath weapons, dragon*[4] and that *protection from evil*[2] o' his and he c'n wade through a dozen of them things like cheese through . . . ."

"Uh, sir? I still don't understand. There's more than one Tiamat[1]?"

"You been standin' too close ta *fireballs*[2], boy? Course there's more 'n one. Heck, there's one at the bottom o' every dungeon, 'specially them dungeons by that Metzner fella, four or five in each o' those fer sure."

"But the *Monster Manual* says . . . ."

Feargall cut him off in mid-sentence. "Don't listen ta that book, boy. S'always wrong. That's what these here ecology articles're fer. And don't ferget that ® symbol next time; them game wizards'll *disintegrate*[2] ya fer less."

"But it says there's only . . . ."

"It also says they cain't be subdued. You just look right out that window and see if that ain't a subdued chromatic. I c'n see you could do with some acquaintancizin' with the chromatic, huh?"

"I guess so, sir," Greenhorn muttered, his complexion becoming a whiter shade of albino.

"Now, cheer up, boy, and give a listen. Thing is, the AD&D® Game *Monster Manual*'s way outta date. There USED to be just one Tiamat, but that was before she and this Bahamut[1] joker got t'gether on the first plane o' Hell and, well . . . ."

"But . . . but Bahamut's lawf—"

"He SAYS he's lawful good[2], but ya gotta take that with a grain o' salt. After all, POLYHEDRON™ Newszine said alignment don't mean the same thing to them deity-class critters. So anyways, all these little chromatics grow up just itchin' ta live up ta mom's rep, so's they all hit the Prime Material[2] and start hoardin' treasure. So now us high-levels're stuck with the cleanin' up."

"How do you kill Tiamat?"

"Shucks, s'easy, boy. Heck, they only got 128 hit points and armor class 0. *Vorpal blade*[3] cuts through that easy. Chop a head off with sixteen points a damage. SIX-TEEN, boy. 'Sides, they only get six attacks a round — 114 points maximum from bites and sting, IF they hit. And her breath don't amount to no more'n 360 points worth a day, even with all five heads. Prop up a mage with a few dozen *meteor swarms*[2] — standard magic resistance, y'know — and y're home free."

"Doesn't she usually have guards?"

"What, them wimps? Get this, she's got one o' each — red, green, blue, black, white — and they're ADULTS. Not ancients, oh no, but ADULTS. One good sized *chain lightnin'*[4] and you've got dragon stew fer months."

"What about her spells?"

"What's she gonna use, *cone o' cold*[2]? She's only got fifth level spells, tops. Not like she's usin' *wishes*[2] or nuthin'."

"She's got a lot of treasure?"

"Naw, just 100% H, S, T, U[1]. Y're lucky if y'walk away with eight potions and a half dozen scrolls, plus maybe a miscellaneous magic or two. Course, if y'encounter four or five . . . ."

"At the same time?"

"Well no, they don't like each other much. Have trouble tellin' each other apart, y'know, what with 'em all lookin' the same, greenish-white belly and all. But they're often hangin' around the same places, on account o' there ain't all that many official dungeons around. Gotta be approved by TSR, y'know."

"But what if she's flying?"

"90% in lair, boy. No room ta fly in tiny dungeon corridors."

"But I STILL don't . . . ."

"One second, boy," interrupted Feargall. "Gotta grab myself another ale. Yo, barkeep!"

Thunder roared as the innkeeper sauntered over to the two fighters. "May I be of some service, sir?"

"Course ya can, boy, course ya can," bellowed Feargall grandly. "Rack up another keg o' yer finest — make that three. And step on it."

"Very good, sir," the innkeeper replied. "Anything else?"

"Naw, naw," Feargall said with a belch. "But if ya want, I c'n probably do somethin' 'bout them seven silly little canaries buzzin' 'round yer ears."

"Thank you, no," replied the barkeep, calmly *disintegrating* Feargall before returning to his palace behind the east wind.

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FRACTURED SPELLS

By Rick Reid,
with an introduction by David Collins

The last several issues have featured useful suggestions for new AD&D® Game spells by Jon Pickens. Having run out of serious suggestions, we now present one final installment of the "New Spells" series.

We begin this last spell listing with a magic-user spell whose effects may help to explain how the rest of the oddities detailed here came about.

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Defect Magic (Alteration)

Level: *Ate*
Range: *1"/libel*
Duration: *Thpecial*
Area of Effect: *Thpecial*
Components: *V,S,M*
Casting Time: *7 sickments*
Saving Throw: *Nine/nono*

Expiation/Desecration: This spell causes all magical effects produced within its area of effect, whether they originate from a device or via spellcasting, to go awry. *Defect magic* causes a slight alteration in the mystic symbols used to name a magical effect, so that when used, it functions quite differently than expected. The DM decides the exact nature of the changes, but some typical examples follow. *Defect magic* does not alter magical effects already in existence at the time of casting.

If cast upon a creature, the duration is one round/level, and the victim must roll a natural nine on 1d20 for a saving throw (regardless of class and level) to avoid the effect. *Defect magic* may also be cast upon an area up to 4" square plus another 1" square per level of caster. In this case, the duration is but one segment/level, and there is no saving throw whatsoever. However, this form of the spell lends itself to *permanency*[1], though the *permanency* must originate from outside the affected area. (It is rumored that a slightly cracked magic-user had a *permanent defect magic* placed upon one of his laboratories so that he could produce such items as a *lime of opening*, a *wind of magic missiles*, and a *clock of elvenkind*. The material component for either version is a wrench.

Neutralize Person (Alteration)

Level: *5*
Range: *3" + 1"/level*
Duration: *1 round/level*
Area of Effect: *One person*
Components: *V,S*
Casting Time: *8 segments*
Saving Throw: *Neg.*

Explanation/Description: This spell renders any person who fails a saving throw versus spells totally incapable of directly affecting anything in any fashion whatsoever. Attacks from affected characters do no damage, and their suggestions are not heard. Likewise, anyone attempting to attack or otherwise affect *neutralized* characters must save vs. spells or be unable to find them. However, this does not prevent the player of an affected character from influencing the action indirectly by giving advice to other players, since that is nearly impossible to prevent in any event.

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Those of you who have played "Fluffy Quest" events at past GEN CON® Game Fairs are already be familiar with the work of member Rick Reid (Bad Dog Publications). For those who haven't yet had the pleasure, the following is a small sampling of fractured spells for clerics, druids, and magic-users, reprinted with permission from various Fluffy Quest adventures.

My Prayer Book

Dissect Evil (Divination)

Level: *1*
Range: *Touch*
Duration: *1 round*
Area of Effect: *One creature or object*
Components: *V,S*
Casting Time: *1 round*
Saving Throw: *None*

Explanation/Description: By touching an object or creature presumed to be evil, the cleric is able to determine not only the presence and extent of evil, but also the probable cause; be it poor upbringing, the wrong associates, or some other misfortune.

Purify Fools and Drunks (Alteration)

Level: *1*
Range: *Touch*
Duration: *3 rounds*
Area of Effect: *One fool or drunk*
Components: *V,S,M*
Casting Time: *1 round*
Saving Throw: *None*

Explanation/Description: This spell causes any drunkard or idiot touched to become lucid for the duration of the spell. The material component is a cup of steaming hot black liquid manufactured by an arcane process from charred beans.

Detect Chum (Divination)

Level: *2*
Range: *3"*
Duration: *10 rounds*
Area of Effect: *One creature*
Components: *V,S*
Casting Time: *1 round*
Saving Throw: *None*

Explanation/Description: This spell enables the caster to determine whether a creature within the area of effect is inclined to be friendly. Hostility and other emotions are not determined. Only one creature may be so scanned per round.

Fold Person (Alteration)

Level: *2*
Range: *Touch*
Duration: *10 rounds*
Area of Effect: *One person*
Components: *V,S,M*
Casting Time: *5 segments*
Saving Throw: *Neg.*

Explanation/Description: This spell causes the body of any person touched to become soft and pliable. A person so affected may be folded up flat enough to be slipped under doors, pushed through cracks, wedged through keyholes, or otherwise forced through small openings. The spell does not affect clothing worn or equipment carried. Affected persons can neither move nor attack while *folded*. When the spell duration expires, the *folded person* returns to normal size and shape. The material component is a bit of folded paper.

Continual Lice (Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: *3*
Range: *30'*
Duration: *Permanent*
Area of Effect: *20' radius globe*
Components: *V,S,M*
Casting Time: *6 segments*
Saving Throw: *None*

Explanation/Description: All creatures within the area of effect must save vs. spells or be infested with biting, stinging lice. The lice cause no damage, but any creature so infested has a "to hit" penalty of -1 due to itching. In addition, the charisma and comeliness of an infested character drop 4 points. Both of these effects last until the lice are removed. (*Cure disease* or *dispel magic* will remove the lice, as will several old home remedies known only to little old ladies, though such remedies are time-consuming and usually smelly.) The material component is a live louse.

Exercise (Abjuration)

Level: *4*
Range: *1″*
Duration: *1 turn/level*
Area of Effect: *One creature*
Components: *V,S*
Casting Time: *3 segments*
Saving Throw: *Neg.*

Explanation/Description: When this spell is cast, the victim must save vs. spells or immediately engage in a series of wild gyrations for the duration of the spell. The victim may take no other actions while so affected. *Exercise* causes the victim to lose 1 pound per turn spent gyrating, but 1-4 turns must be spent resting after the spell duration expires or the victim falls unconscious. The material component is a flute, upon which the caster must play a lively tune throughout the spell duration.

My Outdoors Handbook

Detect Snores and Fits (Divination)

Level: *1*
Range: *0*
Duration: *4 rounds/level*
Area of Effect: *1″ wide path, 4″ long*
Components: *V,S*
Casting Time: *3 segments*
Saving Throw: *None*

Explanation/Description: This spell allows the caster to detect the presence of sleeping or fidgeting creatures within the area of effect. The caster can determine the number and location of such creatures by concentrating for one round, but not the size or type.

Pass Without Taste (Alteration)

Level: *1*
Range: *1″*
Duration: *10 rounds*
Area of Effect: *1 cubic foot of edible material*
Components: *V,S,M*
Casting Time: *1 round*
Saving Throw: *None*

Explanation/Description: This spell allows the caster to consume up to the specified amount of edible material without suffering any harmful effects which might otherwise have occurred. Thus, poison, baneful potions, or drugged food consumed while the spell is in effect can be passed through the system safely.

Shenanigan (Evocation)

Level: *1*
Range: *7″*
Duration: *10 rounds*
Area of Effect: *One creature*
Components: *V,S,M*
Casting Time: *1 segment*
Saving Throw: *Neg.*

Explanation/Description: Any creature affected by this spell becomes the recipient of one of several practical jokes. To determine the specific effect, roll 1d6 and consult the chart below. The caster may produce the effect once only, but the *shenanigan* will occur at any time within the spell duration that the caster designates.

Die Roll (1d6)	Effect
1	**Hot Foot:** The victim's footgear ignites, doing 1d6 points of damage per round until extinguished.
2	**Shock:** The next metallic item the victim touches will deliver 1d4 points of electrical damage. (Intelligent weapons are permitted a saving throw at the bearer's level to avoid the effect.)
3	**Tied Shoelaces:** The straps, laces, buckles, or other closures on the victim's footgear become intertwined. The wearer has an 85% chance per round of tripping until the knots are untied.
4	**Itching Powder:** The victim is incapacitated and unable to attack until stripped of all armor and clothing and washed down with water from head to foot.
5	**Big Bang:** A loud explosion goes off near the victim's ear, causing deafness for 1-4 hours, but no damage.
6	**Kick Me:** A sign reading "Kick Me" appears on the victim's back. It is magically readable by any intelligent creature. All those seeing the sign must save vs. spells or kick the wearer for 1d6 points of damage.

The material component is a banana peel, which must be thrown over the caster's shoulder.

Control Temper 10′ Radius (Enchantment/Charm)

Level: *4*
Range: *3″*
Duration: *10 rounds*
Area of Effect: *20′ diameter sphere*
Components: *V,S*
Casting Time: *6 segments*
Saving Throw: *Neg.*

Explanation/Description: When this spell is cast, all creatures within the area of effect must save vs. spells or forget all their irritations and petty hostilities. Creatures so affected may not initiate attack, but they may defend and return attacks made upon them. However, they will remain calm and reasonable until the spell duration expires, even if engaged in battle.

Silly Spells for Sappy Sorcerers

Unkind Familiar (Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: *1*
Range: *1 mile/level*
Duration: *Permanent*
Area of Effect: *One creature*
Components: *V,S,M*
Casting Time: *1-24 hours*
Saving Throw: *Neg.*

Explanation/Description: This spell enables the caster to summon one of the following "unkind" creatures. Whichever creature appears will remain at the caster's side until one or the other dies, acting as a companion and aide as per the *find familiar*[1] spell. However, all *unkind familiars* tend to be bad-tempered, though they are all Neutral.

Die Roll (1d6)	Creature Responding
1	Skunk (AC 8; HD ¼)[2]
2	Scorpion (AC 5; HD 2 + 2; hp 10)[2]
3	Vulture (AC 6; HD 1 + 1)[2]
4	Slug (AC 8; HD 1-1)
5	Mosquito (AC 9; hp 1)
6	Rhinoceros (AC 6; HD 8)[3]

The material components are a brazier and a bag of noxious herbs.

Soap Trick (Alteration)

Level: *2*
Range: *2″*
Duration: *10 turns*
Area of Effect: *1″ wide path, 3″ long*
Components: *V,S,M*
Casting Time: *2 segments*
Saving Throw: *Special*

Explanation/Description: When this spell is cast, any surface designated by the caster is immediately covered with a slippery, soapy film, which lasts until the spell duration expires. Any creature attempting to walk or run on that surface must save vs. spells or slip and fall, suffering 1-2 points of damage each time. The material component is a bar of soap.

Leopold's Tiny Mutt (Conjuration/Summoning)

Level: *3*
Range: *3″*
Duration: *10 rounds*
Area of Effect: *Special*
Components: *V,S,M*
Casting Time: *3 segments*
Saving Throw: *None*

Explanation/Description: The great wizard Leopold created this spell in honor of his bulldog Grunt. When this spell is cast, a small magical bulldog appears and immediately clamps its jaws firmly around the nearest available extremity of any one victim designated by the caster (i.e. leg, sword arm, etc.). The *mutt* attacks as a 6 HD monster. Once the *mutt* is attached, the victim suffers 1 hp of damage/round and a -2 penalty on all "to hit" rolls until the *mutt* is removed or the spell duration expires. The *mutt* cannot be attacked, but it can be *dispelled* at normal chances of success. The material component is a tiny dog collar and leash.

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GODS OF THE GAMMA WORLD® GAME

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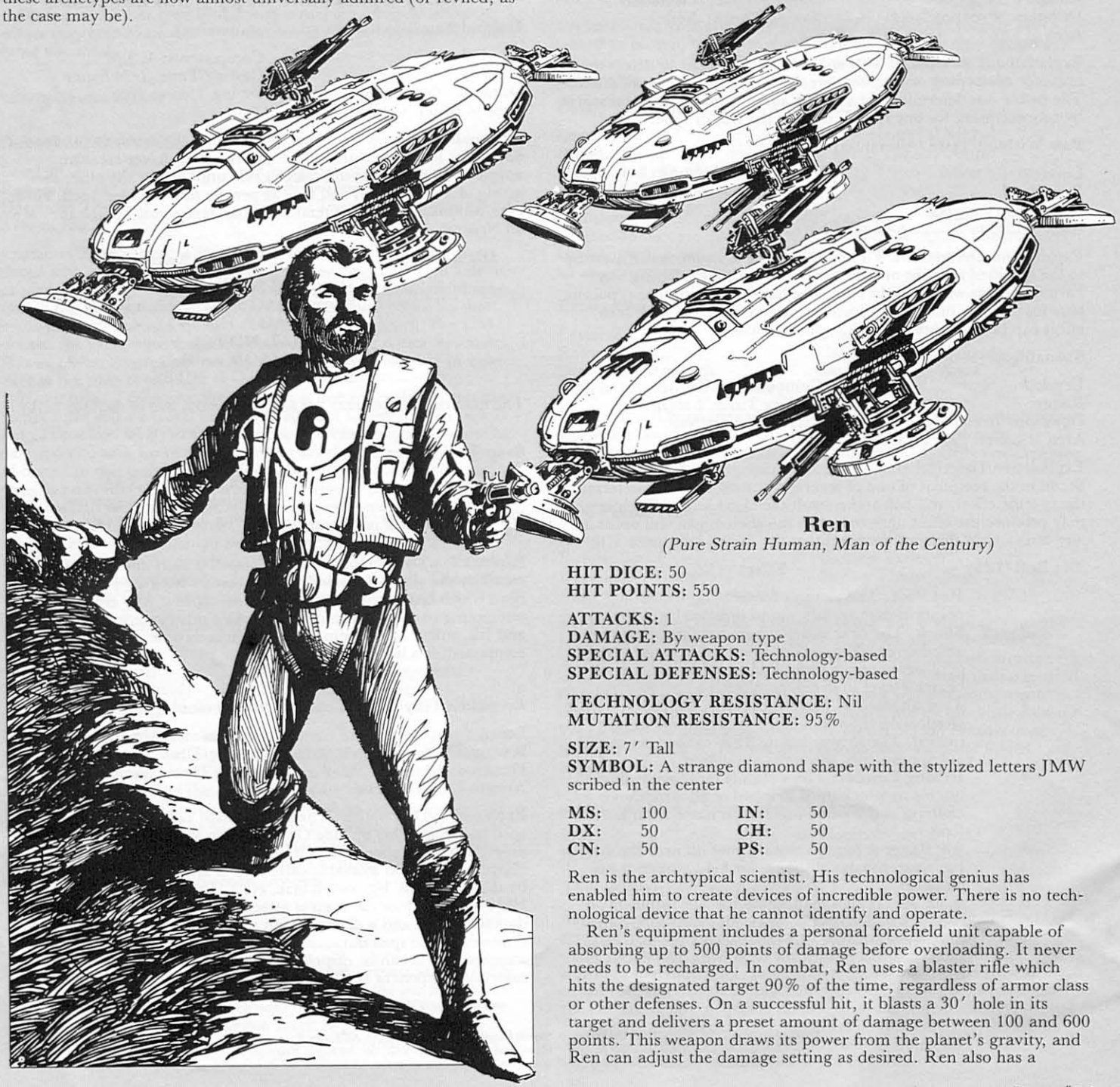
by James M. Ward

In general, the beings, creatures, and assorted living things of the Gamma World are primarily concerned with the business of survival, and they don't worship specific deities as such. However, a few powerful individuals whose exploits are known far and wide have come to represent the ultimate in certain aspects of life, and these archetypes are now almost universally admired (or reviled, as the case may be).

Each of these archetypes represents a different ideal. Since not all intelligent creatures agree on which ideals are desirable, one group may admire the same legendary figure that another group uses to scare children.

All these legendary figures have the best (or the worst) equipment imaginable. Their powers, immune systems, and weaknesses are thought to be unique even in the Gamma World.



Ren

(Pure Strain Human, Man of the Century)

HIT DICE: 50
HIT POINTS: 550

ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE: By weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Technology-based
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Technology-based

TECHNOLOGY RESISTANCE: Nil
MUTATION RESISTANCE: 95%

SIZE: 7′ Tall
SYMBOL: A strange diamond shape with the stylized letters JMW scribed in the center

MS:	100	**IN:**	50
DX:	50	**CH:**	50
CN:	50	**PS:**	50

Ren is the archtypical scientist. His technological genius has enabled him to create devices of incredible power. There is no technological device that he cannot identify and operate.

Ren's equipment includes a personal forcefield unit capable of absorbing up to 500 points of damage before overloading. It never needs to be recharged. In combat, Ren uses a blaster rifle which hits the designated target 90% of the time, regardless of armor class or other defenses. On a successful hit, it blasts a 30′ hole in its target and delivers a preset amount of damage between 100 and 600 points. This weapon draws its power from the planet's gravity, and Ren can adjust the damage setting as desired. Ren also has a

squad of ten ultra-powerful Death Machines, which he uses to fetch and carry things for him.

Ren uses his power to further his own interests, and he rarely seems to care about helping others. He is rumored to live in an underwater bubble protected by a legion of Amazons.

Ren is incredibly handsome in a human sort of way, with eagle-sharp blue eyes, a dashing cut to his brown hair, and a jaw of granite hidden under a fashionably-cut beard. His charm and wit are legendary, and it is said that he has even been able to talk an Archivist out of serving his Robot God.

Grondor the Meek

(A Radioactive Thing)

HIT DICE: 60
HIT POINTS: 700

ATTACKS: 2
DAMAGE: Radiation Type

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Radioactive dustballs
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil

TECHNOLOGY RESISTANCE: 95%
MUTATION RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5′ Tall
SYMBOL: A circle around two little eyes and a smile

MS:	150	**IN:**	60
DX:	10	**CH:**	60
CN:	60	**PS:**	10

Grondor is a mutant whose inability in everything is legendary. Stories say that Grondor was spawned out of the heart of a radioactive volcano, and that his life went downhill from there.

Although Grondor has unusual mental strength, plus intelligence and charisma, he doesn't use these talents. Consequently, he is almost totally ineffective both in combat and in negotiations. However, he is capable of defending himself with a special attack form. He collects the radioactive dust that his body generates into a dustball (intensity 19 radiation) and tosses it at attackers.

In some Cryptic Alliances, such as the Iron Society and the Radioactivists, mothers warn their children not to shirk their duties, or they may become like Grondor.

Grondor resembles a Pure Strain Human, but exposure to the raditation from his body (intensity 20) soon causes hair loss and radiation sickness in those who associate with him. Grondor complains a lot, but he doesn't seem to want to do much about his problems.

Tobor the Unstoppable

(Robot)

HIT DICE: 100
HIT POINTS: 3,000

ATTACKS: 50
DAMAGE: By weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Mutations
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Unusually powerful force screens

TECHNOLOGY RESISTANCE: Nil
MUTATION RESISTANCE: 95%

SIZE: 10′ tall
SYMBOL: Any metal coin

MS:	200	**IN:**	80
DX:	80	**CH:**	80
CN:	80	**PS:**	Unmeasurable

Tobor is the essence of all things robotic. Every energy weapon ever known on the planet is built into his body. In addition, Tobor has 3 sets of 1,000 point energy screens, and body armor which absorbs an addtional 1,000 points of damage before the robot's hit points are affected.

Tobor's only purpose is to foster the growth of machines all over the planet. Not only can he teleport, but he can hook his sensors into any computer unit with communications abilities.

Tobor is a human-shaped robot packed with concealed sensors and weapons. He is free-willed and intelligent. Tobor especially likes to shoot up towns full of intelligent, organic beings — whom he holds responsible for oppressing machines.

Trask of the Green Silences

(Intelligent Plant)

HIT DICE: 200
HIT POINTS: 5,000

ATTACKS: As many as it needs
DAMAGE: As much as it needs
SPECIAL ATTACKS: *Death Touch*
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Immunity to everything

TECHNOLOGY RESISTANCE: 100%
MUTATION RESISTANCE: 100%

SIZE: 1 mile long
SYMBOL: A small green seed

MS:	300	**IN:**	90
DX:	90	**CH:**	90
CN:	90	**PS:**	90

Trask is an intelligent grapevine whose only concern is fostering the growth of all types of plants. He spends most of his time teleporting around the globe and stopping those that would cut into the forests or ruin intelligent plant life anywhere.

Trask always tries to reason with creatures that attack plants it wishes to protect, but if reason fails, it will not hesitate to use its Death Touch, which instantly kills any living creature struck, regardless of hit points or defenses. (Trask turns black when the Death Touch power is activiated.) Trask also has every known mutation, and it is immune to all technology and the effects of all mutational powers.

Trask's grapes are said to be the sweetest and best in the universe. (Of course, it's kind of dangerous to pick them, but life is full of risk.)

Whimper the Punished

(Humanoid Mutant)

HIT DICE: 500
HIT POINTS: 190,999

ATTACKS: None
DAMAGE: None
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Exhaustion
SPECIAL DEFENSES: None

TECHNOLOGY RESISTANCE: None
MUTATION RESISTANCE: None

SIZE: 6′ tall
SYMBOL: Any jelly-like substance

MS:	400	**IN:**	110
DX:	110	**CH:**	110
CON:	110	**PS:**	5

Whimper is a mutant who somehow survives with little or nothing. He is revered by those who must make do with little, for he manages with less. In some Cryptic Alliances, such as the Healers and the Archivists, mothers use Whimper as an example of survival. ("If Whimper can survive without those things, so can you.")

There are thousands of legends and funny stories about Whimper living through disasters and encounters that would have killed better-equipped creatures. According to one legend, a Thunderer managed to swallow Whimper whole, but a week later, he just walked out the other end of the creature unharmed. Another tale describes the time that Whimper stood up to the sword and wrestling attacks of a furious Knight of Genetic Purity until the Knight died of exhaustion. Each area seems to have a similar legend about Whimper.

Whimper looks exactly like a Pure Strain Human. He travels almost naked, and he abandons or ignores all the treasures of technology that he finds. When those who live in the Gamma World grow dissatisfied with their lots in life, they often think of Whimper and realize that things could be worse.

Since each of these legendary figures wanders the Gamma World at will, player characters may encounter one or more during the course of an adventure. If they seem a bit too powerful, remember that nothing counts when it's — GAMMA FOOL!

TOTALLY TUBULAR TALE

THE SAVAGE SWORD OF LUGNUT THE BARBARIAN

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by Roger E. Moore

Snorting like a great stallion, Lugnut the barbarian charged the door at the end of the corridor at full speed and planted a booted foot against the wood. The aged oak exploded under the impact in a shower of toothpicks, and Lugnut hurled himself through the shattered wood and bent iron hinges. Stunned into immobility, the castle guards were unable to react as the barbarian laid about him, wielding a flashing silver blade with his thickly-thewed sword arm.

"Ha!" roared Lugnut, mad with berserker war lust. "You fight like new-weaned calves! I spit upon you and your milk-white complexions! When I find your evil scum necromancer king, I'll have a few words to exchange with him on the quality of his bodyguards! Your puny efforts at resistance are an insult to me! Where is the fight in you?"

But by the time Lugnut had gotten this far in his ragings, the fight was over and he stood alone on a massive pile of sodden bodies. He grumbled and wiped his sword on an inert soldier. "Hmph. Maybe these were just here to slow me down, or to cause me to be overconfident. That shall not happen; I'll slay every evil creature in this castle and sack every treasure chest it has, no matter how awful the guardians be! And then of course . . . the princess . . . ." A wide smile of healthy barbaric joy appeared on his face. "The princess . . . ."

Lugnut sprang from the pile of bodies and charged out an open door. After hacking and hewing through several dozen more guards and a demon or two, he found himself in the great throneroom, face to face with the Ultra-Necromancer himself. The ancient wizard slouched on his great pale throne of human bone, and evil and foulness were written floridly across his skull-like countenance. The Ultra-Necromancer reeked of decay and degeneracy, and even the battle-hardened nostrils of Lugnut wrinkled in disgust at the loathsome apparition seated before him.

"Ha!" laughed Lugnut in the sorceror's presence. "At last we meet face to face, if that visage can be termed one! You nauseous slime! You thought to entrap me with your malodorous magickings, but you have failed miserably! I have slain all seven hundred of your finest warriors, and I have drained your wine cellar between battles! My gleaming blade shall be planted between your emaciated ribs 'ere another minute fly past! Say your prayers, wretch!"

The necromancer's cold gaze lanced into the giant warrior like the arctic wind. His withered lips moved, and a voice like the whispering of the centuries drifted out from him. "Barbarian, you are deluded. I have read your simple thoughts, watched you from afar by means of my antique sorcery, and read your fate in the turning of the stars overhead. Thou art the doomed one, not I! Yea, indeed, your enchanted piece of cutlery shall end my reign of wickedness and horror. And indeed, you shall find the princess I have kept locked in this tower for ransom. Yea, this shall all come true . . . and it is to such a fate that I curse you! The princess is yours!"

With this, Lugnut could no longer restrain his impetuous temper. He sprang forward, covering twenty feet with a single leap, and his falchion separated the lich's head from its shoulders. "Curse yourself, headless one!" thundered Lugnut in a mighty voice.

With that, the dark-haired warlord from the frozen northlands charged on through other doors and hallways, slaying all he met until he came to the tower door. Laying it low with a mighty blow from his fist, Lugnut bounded up the six flights of stairs without so much as drawing sweat to his forehead. At the top, he found the padlocked and chained doorway behind which the princess languished, unspoiled and undefiled by the necromancer's vile lust — a tempting reward for the mighty barbarian.

"Hello in there!" he roared. "It is I, Lugnut the Conqueror, slayer of the minions of Skuzzdrool the Ultra-Necromancer, and slayer of that foul arch-wizard himself! I have come to bring you to safety, back to your father and his kingdom, which I shall undoubtedly rule in a few months' time! Speak loudly if you can hear me, fair one!"

It seemed that he heard a distant feminine voice calling from behind the barred and chained door, calling out in relief and gladness, calling out for Lugnut to save her. A mighty strength that he had never before known seized his gigantic limbs, and Lugnut reached out, caught hold of the chains and locks on the door, and broke them apart with his naked hands. Then he drew back and slammed his mighty booted foot into the solid mass of the tower door, which burst apart as if struck by a titan.

"Thou art free, fair maiden!" cried Lugnut, and stepped inside the tower room. His eyes focused upon the gentle figure that stood across the room from him, and his heart leaped. Gods! A princess among princesses! Her pale golden hair flowed from her scalp like a waterfall of molten metal; her azure eyes sparkled with delight as they roamed over Lugnut's powerful physique, and her ruby-carved lips parted with anticipation (no doubt) of her rescuer's masterful kiss.

"Oh, wow, you must be Lugnut," said the princess, and she began to giggle. "You are just AWEsome, like, oh, you are TUBULAR, you know, not grody like that old necro-guy. He was the pits, like he made me shut up whenever he was around. He was really uncool, a REAL waste of space, you know. He barfed me out, TOTALLY, just awful like. And now you, like WOW, you're here to rescue me, that's just AWESOME! My old man will make you a hero, like he might even let us get MARRIED, wow, fer sure, fer sure! Wouldn't that be AWESOME?" With that, the excited princess rushed forward and threw her arms around the stunned barbarian's neck.

All too late, it came back to Lugnut that indeed, the princess hailed from a valley kingdom, and he finally understood the necromancer's curse in all of its horrific reality.

"Awesome," he croaked miserably.